Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1918

WE MUST KILL TO SAVE

For three years and a half Europe has been drenched in blood. For three years and a half the manhood of Europe—youth in the glory of its gallantry, in the splendor of its promise—has been fed to the furnace of war. Europe is a temple of sorrow, and Rachel mourns for her children because they are not.

Soon, all too soon, France, hitherto the playground of the western world, will be sacred soil to Americans. There our dead will rest. Rude wooden crosses will dot the shell scarred battlefields, each simple cross marking the grave of an American soldier who died in France in defence of the America he loved and those dear to him. America has yet to suffer her spiritual agony, but she cannot be spared. She, like Europe, must toil painfully the weary road to Calvary.

Has not the time come for America to take stock, to ask itself if it knows the meaning of this war, to face facts instead of feeding on illusion? Millions of men have been slaughtered, more millions have gone forth in the pride of their strength to come back broken. Shall America swell the ever-mounting toll, giving and yet giving the youth on whom its future centres, or shall the guiding hand of America lead the world to peace?

Rhetoric is a spiritual stimulant, and like its grosser counterpart often valuable when a sudden burst of moral or physical energy is required, but after the effect wears off there comes reaction, exaltation gives way to depression, reality takes the place of imagination, and truth is grim. It is unfortunate that the American people entered this war with two alluring rhetorical phrases ringing in their ears,—unfor-

Copyright, 1918, by North American Review Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tunate because it has obscured the real meaning of the war and diminished its importance to them.

We were told that we went to war to make the world safe for Democracy. If this were all there is of it, clearly in the long catalogue of immoral and wanton wars that blackens the page of history there would be no war more immoral or more wanton than this. We believe in Democracy, we know its blessings, in the strength of our conviction we see that through Democracy the world marches to progress, but if we should try by force of arms to make peoples embrace Democracy who are wedded to autocracy, morally we should be as guilty as Louis XVI, who slew his thousands in the name of the gentle Christ who taught charity and love. It is what every bigot and zealot has done. Believing with sincerity that there was only one way to gain salvation, that every other way led to eternal damnation, with clear conscience and the frenzy of the fanatic he consigned to the rack and the stake the misguided, because better for them death or torture than torment without end. Our boasted civilization is back in the middle ages if in this enlightened day we are willing to make war to spread the political system of which we approve.

But, as we have said over and over again, what we are fighting for is not to make the world safe for Democracy but to make the world safe for us. Forced into war by Germany, who violated our rights as ruthlessly as she did those of Belgium, we are fighting a war of self defense. We are today in peril. To avert that peril we have taken up arms. We are fighting to defend our wives and children from the defiling hand of the German. We are fighting to protect our homes from a beast who knows no mercy, a beast whose lust is destruction; we are fighting to preserve the institutions we love, the liberty we cherish, the freedom dear to us. We are fighting in France because it is there we can strike the enemy, but if we are defeated in France we shall be conquered in America; no longer shall we be freemen but the slaves of the most merciless and brutal taskmaster the world has known. Our danger is great, and only our courage and our determination can avert it.

Nor is it true, rhetoric again to the contrary, that we are fighting not the German people but only the German Emperor and the German Government, and for the German people we have no feeling of hate. You can no more separate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the German Government from the German people than you can separate the bite of the mad dog from his blood. The wickedness and infamy of the German people is in their blood; it is the corruption and poison of their blood that have made the German people—not a small class or a caste, not their rulers alone, but the whole people—a nation of savages. Nor is it true that the Prussian alone is guilty. The brutality of the Prussian cannot be exceeded, for that were impossible, by Bavarian or Saxon, but in the refinement of their cruelty, their beastliness, their inhumanity, between North and South German there is little choice.

With this premise established our duty lies clear before us.

Our duty is to kill Germans. To the killing of Germans we must bend all our energies. We must think in terms of German dead, killed by rifles in American hands, by bombs thrown by American youths, by shells fired by American gunners. The more Germans we kill, the fewer American graves there will be in France; the more Germans we kill, the less danger to our wives and daughters; the more Germans we kill, the sooner we shall welcome home our gallant lads. Nothing else now counts. There is no thought other than this, no activity apart from the duty forced upon us by Germany. The most highly civilized nations are united as they never were before, actuated by the same impulse. In England, France and Italy, among the English speaking peoples of the new world, under the southern cross and on the torrid plains, they like us see their duty clear. It is, we repeat, to kill Germans.

We have no apologies to make, no excuses to offer, no regret for having unclothed the masquerade of rhetoric and put the case in stark and naked words. Doubtless we shall offend the over nice sensibilities of those well meaning but unbalanced persons who waste their sympathies over the sufferings of the lobster as his complexion turns from dirty blue into delicate pink while they are unmoved by the knowledge of the misery and distress of the poor and unfortunate. We hope so. We are endeavoring to arouse the millions of easy going, complacent Americans, unctuously flattering themselves they are good Christians because they feel no hate, to whom the war has as yet no meaning, to a realization of what this war means, not only to them but also to their men; that it is the lives of their men against the lives of Germans.

We do not know how many Germans we have yet to kill,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether it is 500,000 or 5,000,000, but we do know that when the necessary number has been killed, when the German people lose heart and rebel against being led to the slaughter, this war will end, but that is the only way it will end. We may play at war and pay the cost in the toll of blood, or we can make war with courage, resolution and intelligence and our reward shall be fewer of those pathetic crosses on the wayside of France.

Recognizing the bravery of our Allies—and in all history there has been nothing more superb than the heroism of that "contemptible little British Army" fighting with bare hands against the onrushing German legions armed with machine guns and heavy artillery, who day after day were forced back and fiercely contested every foot with never a thought of surrender and then at last turned and defeated the enemy; or the French fighting and feinting until they were in position to stop Kluck and save Paris from the barbarian; or the Italians inch by inch scaling the snow-capped mountains; or the Russians mowed down by thousands, stolidly waiting to take from the dead a rifle, in the end to be betrayed by their leaders—knowing what they have suffered, the sacrifices they have made, the misery they have endured; knowing, what we have yet to know in this country, the devotion of their women, who have offered their lives and sacrificed their health and abandoned their comfort as generously as their men, we are forced to ask ourselves, in view of this will to win among the peoples of the Allied nations, and the resolution with which that will has made itself felt, why it is that the war has not yet been won, and why after three and a half years of sanguinary warfare no decision has been reached.

For now with half of the fourth year of combat spent not only have the Allies not won but, surveying the great theatre of war as a whole, we are no nearer victory than we were in the first month of hostilities; and, what is more disheartening, Germany is today the victor. Unwelcome as it is to be forced to make that admission we should be guilty of the same crass folly against which we have warned our readers were we to blink the truth and find comfort in the delusion of fatuous optimism. At the beginning of the new year Germany is stronger than she was twelve months earlier. Then, encircled by her enemies, she was fighting on two fronts, today the ring is broken and only one front has to be defended. Russia has ceased to be a menace to Germany, and the vast Russian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grain supplies will flow into Germany as soon as her engineers put the railways in service. Germany has conquered Belgium and Northern France; she has her foot firmly planted on Italian soil; she has destroyed Serbia and Roumania; she has reduced Austria and Bulgaria and Turkey to the status of vassal States. Against this we (we link ourselves with the men who have braved danger while America has stood idle, because while we have not yet fought, in spirit we are their brothers in arms) have wrested from Germany her colonies, great spaces on the map but which she would gladly sacrifice for the gain of that little strip of Belgian coast she holds so tenaciously; and we occupy Jerusalem. The success of the Palestine campaign, Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons a few days ago, would have a permanent effect on the history of the world. We are willing to believe this, but that will not win the war. The war will be won in France and Flanders; it is only when the Germans are driven out of France and their hold on Belgium is broken that Germany will be defeated and compelled to accept the terms we shall impose. Everything else is merely a side-show.

The war ought to have been won by Germany before the close of the year 1914. While France was hastily organizing and England was recruiting, Germany, organized as no nation has ever been, recruited to the last man, swept forward. Those first months were the crucial period of the war. Had the French wavered or the English faltered, had the Germans possessed a little greater military skill or a trifle more resolution—so evenly did fate poise the scale — Germany would have won. She did not. Unable to win then she cannot win now; but she has not yet been defeated. Can we win?

When we speak of winning the war we do not mean a stalemate peace. We can have peace tomorrow on the basis of the map of August 1, 1914, but that would be no real peace, it would be simply a temporary truce; it would be a breathing spell to enable the exhausted belligerents to recuperate and feverishly prepare for a renewal of hostilities on an even greater scale; and in reality it would be a German victory. Peace, a perdurable peace, will come only when the fangs of the mad beast of Europe have been drawn, when the military power of Germany is broken; when the German people are under the harrow, sweating to pay the indemnity that is the price of their crime, in their poverty and suffering made to realize the suffering they have brought to the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the fighting men of Britain, France and Italy we have borne our tribute, to their men and women—the women especially—behind the lines, who have taxed themselves beyond their strength, who have uncomplainingly suffered, who have sent forth husband and son with a smile on their lips, although their hearts were breaking, and in mortal anguish have smiled to encourage their sisters whose hour of trial was yet to come —before these women we stand mute in our admiration.

The great mass of the people of the Allied countries are sound to the core. They have been asked to make sacrifices and they have nobly responded, but a small number of men, in numbers small but wielding great influence, who by their station and position ought to have set the finest example, have made this war a football of politics, they have looked at the war from the standpoint of party advantage, they have endeavored to use it for partisan profit. In England and France and Italy Prime Ministers have fallen and Ministries have been displaced and Governments hold office on precarious tenure, for no one knows from day to day how soon the nominal parliamentary majority may revolt and demand a new leader. It is idle to pretend that Mr. Lloyd George can manage the war with his full energy if part of that energy must be dissipated in fighting his political opponents, or that the fear of arousing political opposition will not tend to hamper his usefulness.

Germany has still further profited by the policy of individualism. It is perhaps inevitable that each nation should profoundly believe in itself, that each should be convinced it is the mainstay of the Alliance, that its campaign is the most important, but this leads to division when unity is essential, and it makes each nation think in terms of its own campaign when, as a matter of fact, there is only one campaign and one front, and that is wherever there are Germans to be killed. Jealousies, rivalries, divergent aims have been worth far more to Germany than twenty new divisions of the Prussian Guards or the strategy of the German General Staff. "Let us admit," the military expert of the London *Times* recently said, "that Germany's success in war has been far more due to the internal weakness of her enemies than her own strength," but recognizing this he argues that the "internal weakness" cannot be overcome. "It must be accepted as an axiom in this war that not a single one of the Allies is prepared to accept a position of subordination. This may be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weakness and may be sectionalism, but it is a fact." This we should call less an admission than a confession of the impenitent.

The necessity of an Allied Generalissimo has long been apparent and after the Italian disaster could no longer be dodged. Mr. Lloyd George had the courage to say so and, to use his own words, with "brutal frankness," told of the Allied mistakes, for which he was savagely attacked by his political opponents, who believed it was their opportunity to unhorse him and ride into power. It was clearly the intention of the Prime Minister to propose to his Allies the creation of a Supreme Commander in Chief assisted by an Allied General Staff, but the fear of political opposition compelled him to accept a compromise, a wretched makeshift, and to consent to the creation of an Allied War Council, which has no authority, is merely advisory and will delay rather than facilitate military operations. This is a typical illustration of the injury that has been done by the politicians whose miserable selfishness makes them play into Germany's hands.

In calling attention to at least two of the causes that have saved Germany from defeat we speak in no pharisaical spirit and with no affectation of superior virtue, but rather with the hope that America, pledged to contribute to the common cause its men and money and resources, valuable as these things are, may make a further contribution of perhaps even greater value.

Circumstances have conspired to exalt the President of the United States. Without his own seeking leadership has been forced upon him. The war has reduced the man power of all the belligerents, depleted their resources, placed them under a staggering load of debt, weakened their moral resistance. The United States has as yet made no large draft on its manhood, its resources were never so great, its financial position never so strong, it has experienced none of the agony that induces spiritual depression.

The position of the United States is unique. When Woodrow Wilson speaks not only must the world listen but it must give heed to his words. Never in history has any ruler, spiritual or temporal, any monarch or pontiff, been invested with such far reaching power or been able to influence so widely the destinies of mankind. This influence, resting on force, is fortified by the moral disinterestedness which is the political no less than the social principle governing the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Making common cause with Europe, it is aloof from Europe. Fighting in defence of the civilization of Europe, of which America is a part, it is unvexed by thought of gain, by petty intrigue, by the hope of power which colors European thought. Serene in the knowledge that it seeks nothing, that no advantage can accrue to it, that only a huge burden of debt and sorrow will be its portion, the United States can, if it but has the resolution and the intelligence to act wisely, weld its Allies into unity, disperse their unworthy jealousies, lead them to a perfect understanding, and make them a force so irresistible that before it Germany will collapse.

We think the time has come—and it is a duty laid upon him—for Mr. Wilson to say to the Governments of England and France and Italy, and through them to their peoples, that with their affairs we have no concern, it is for them—and for them alone—to choose their leaders, to determine their policies, to adopt their methods, but having arranged these things we must insist—our own safety demands it—that their efforts shall no longer be weakened by the rivalries of politicians or the machinations of place hunters; that national jealousy must be subordinated to national security; that on the battlefield and on the sea and in the council chamber there must be unity of action; that he who thinks of himself as an Englishman or Frenchman or Italian or American instead of as a servant of the brotherhood that the war has called into existence is recreant to the common cause.

There is another obligation imposed upon us equally solemn. It pledges Mr. Wilson to treat with greater generosity and more frankness the men who are nominally his political opponents, who, on their part, must banish politics and rise to the loftier heights of patriotism. Already we hear members of Congress talking about the Congressional election of next November, of possible "issues," of candidates and chances. By everything that men hold sacred to the memory of those who have died for us and those whose lives must yet be offered, in the face of the misery that has fallen upon the world, dare men talk of their petty "issues" or think of themselves; are they so lost to shame, so willing to palter with their honor, that for the price of a seat in Congress or momentary party triumph they would sacrifice national welfare?

They little know the American people who think the American people are dumb and patient. Up to a certain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point they are very patient; their sense of justice, their love of fair play, makes them tolerant, makes them willing to condone much, to take on trust what is difficult for common sense to reconcile, to be generous, to give every man a fair chance to prove himself; but they will not tamely accept incompetence, stubborn pride, palpable inefficiency; they are too intelligent to muddle through; it is not in their temperament to be treated like little children and have their righteous anger appeased with the small cake of honeyed words. Our Allies asked for men and money, and they had only to ask to be given. We shall continue to give in the same spirit, to give so long as we know our men are being wisely used and our money expended so as to bring results, but we shall not give our men to be slaughtered nor our money to be wasted. We shall ask something more than praise from Europe or flamboyant statements of our own authorities telling of the wonderful things that are going to be done sometime in the future; always in the future but never in the present. As a nation we have perhaps more than our full share of national pride, of conceit, not to mince words; of belief in ourselves; but we also have a fair share of intelligence and a habit of soul searching. The American people have not questioned because they accepted on faith, but the time has now come when the spirit moves them to demand that faith be justified by works.

What good will all this investigating do? is the question most often heard in Washington. What is the use of proving that the War Department has failed lamentably in arming and equipping the soldiers whom this country has called to its service? Will Baker go? If a Department of Munitions is created, what of it, since the confusion and lack of organization will remain?

It is impossible to say whether Mr. Baker will go or not. Something vastly more important than Mr. Baker will go or indeed has already gone. It is difficult to call by name this thing which is going or has already gone, but it is that state of mind which has made it impossible to tell the nation the truth and equally has made it impossible for the nation to accept or believe the truth. Some people explain by a sort of herd psychology; when the herd is threatened it insists upon the unanimous and unquestioning acceptance of the leadership of the head of the herd. Others have explained it as springing from our national optimism; we were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unwilling to listen to anything but cheerful tidings of our war preparations. Whatever its origin it has been a real and powerful influence. Men come to Washington and say, "If it were not for the censorship what things would be told about the way things are going on down here!" But the censorship is not in Washington. It is not Mr. Creel who has kept the truth from being known. It is not the heavy hand of Mr. Gregory that has lain upon Congress and held it silent all these months. The censorship is back home; it is in the hearts of the people who read the newspapers and who elect and send men to Congress. It is the people who have imposed the silence. "Our readers don't want knocking," the editors have said. Mr. Wilson himself felt so sure criticism was unwelcome to the country, only a few weeks ago, that he ventured to hope all critics might be "exported." It was a part of the war psychology of the nation that men felt they were only fully loyal when they accepted what was done by their leaders in an unquestioning spirit. They were "doing their bit" when they found no fault and turned a deaf ear to fault finders. They yielded their minds instinctively to a kind of military discipline, and found merit in doing so. The origin of this way of thinking lies in the remote history of the race. Because men from some early acquired habits feel that they must use their minds independently when there is a common danger the censorship has lain upon us. It has been one imposed by readers and voters, not by officials. It has been termed voluntary. It has been involuntary. It has been instinctive. It has been oppressive, more oppressive than if enforced with the threat of firing squads.

In many ways this exaggerated sense of the requirements of loyalty has been a fine thing. It has served a good end in unifying the nation. Had it not been for this virtual conscription of thought, real disloyalty and division might have masked itself as legitimate criticism. But that period is passed. There is real need now for intelligent and fair-minded criticism. We shall get no further by the unquestioning acceptance of everything that the Administration does. President Wilson is entitled to the sympathy and support of the country in the performance of his difficult task. But the public is entitled to ask for results. It has made and is making great sacrifices. It has consented without murmur to the conscription of its sons. It has given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheerfully of its wealth. It has undergone needless hardships without complaint, believing it was "doing its bit" toward the winning of the war. It is just now going short of coal in the severest weather known in thirty years, and laying the responsibility upon the war, whereas the real responsibility rests upon the Administration, for its failure to act promptly with regard to the railroads.

Well, then, the one big gain from getting out the truth is that the truth is out. The truth will make us free. Henceforth there will be reasonable criticism. The time when it was unpatriotic to say that the ordnance bureau or the quartermaster's bureau of the army was making a failure is past. A different spirit will prevail among the people. Shut eyes will no longer be accepted as full evidence of loyalty. Mr. Wilson's subordinates will have to justify themselves to a people who already know that grievous blunders have been made in equipping the army with machine guns, supplying it with clothing and housing it in sanitary quarters.

Congress once more becomes an important part of the Government. A few months ago Congress was afraid even to investigate Mr. Creel, for fear the nation would feel that it was nagging at the President when he was oppressed with the burdens of war. Today Congress is feeling its way carefully, but it is proving itself capable of independent action. Mr. Wilson might force Congress back into its old self-effacing role by boldly reorganizing his Cabinet and creating an efficient war machine. But Mr. Wilson, being what he is, is not likely to do anything of the sort, at least not at once. So Congress will remain, like public opinion, once more restored to its function, a constant spur to action.

We enter upon a new stage of the war. The revelations of the Senate Military Affairs Committee prove that we could not have gone on as we were going. In this war for democracy we became once more in fact a democracy, not a nation undergoing some strange reversion to an earlier group psychology. The censorship as we have come to know its manifestations without understanding its reasons for existence is gone, and that is a more vital fact than would be the going of Mr. Baker, with all his smug cocksureness and detestable flippancy in the midst of this most awful of tragedies the world has ever known.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LESSON TO THE NATION

UNTIL we know more about the winter uniforms of our soldiers than we yet do it will be impossible to say whether or not there is a scandal in the clothing of the army in this war equal to the scandal in the feeding of the army in the Spanish War. Will rags figure as largely in this war as embalmed beef did in that one? There is a saying that you must look for the profits of business in the by-products. Apparently you must look for the scandal, too, in the by-products. Canned beef twenty years ago was only a by-product of the slaughtering industry. Wool waste is a by-product of the clothing industry.

We know little about the winter uniforms. The soldiers received them in this country only a few weeks ago. In France they have had them longer. And now comes the word from France that General Pershing will equip his men with uniforms made in England. Why? Because he needs a reserve supply and cannot get it from home, is officially suggested—only suggested, for there is not positive information as to why the American commander wishes British clothing. Is it because the uniforms supplied to him by the War Department have proved unsatisfactory? They are known to be light, nearly 30 per cent lighter than the British and French uniforms. Are they heavy enough? Are they warm enough? It is common gossip in army circles in Washington that great dissatisfaction with the uniforms exists in the camps in this country. They are said to split and tear readily when men are ordered to throw themselves on the ground in field drills. After a little use they become shaggy and then it is said that when they become wet in a rain the rough, furry surface "dissolves." How did the troops stand the recent bitter cold in them? We shall know in a few weeks whether or not a terrible blunder has been made, and whether or not to the list of sicknesses and deaths due to slowness in delivering uniforms must be added another long list of losses due to the poor clothing that was furnished when at last a supply was available. It is sincerely to be hoped that no mistake was made and that the present clothing of the army will both keep the men warm and wear well, for a new supply of heavier and better garments cannot be created until after the present winter months are past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If a debate rages about apparel of the soldiers it will center upon shoddy. Now "shoddy" is not a word Americans like. It has most unpleasant associations. In its figurative sense it stands for something pretentious that does not wear. We are assured in Washington that in thinking as we do about shoddy we are doing injustice to a most honorable institution. If you may believe Washington, shoddy is entitled to great respect. Clothes are warmer for having shoddy in them. Clothes wear better for having shoddy in them. It is difficult to trace this new confidence in shoddy. It is a part of the war psychology. We might speak of it as the symbol of our national optimism. Shoddy has been adopted by the wise men in Washington—therefore shoddy. Why have we done injustice to this noble and most American thing before?

General Crozier is right, in one respect. We must plead guilty to his charge that the nation itself is in a large degree responsible for our condition of unpreparedness. We remember, painfully well, how military appropriations were resisted in favor of "pork"; how we were lulled with the specious assurance that the Government was not unmindful of its duties and that our state of preparation was immeasurably better than the public imagined; and how not merely "pork" seeking Congressmen but their multitudinous constituents as well acclaimed the conception of a fools' paradise in which there was no need for us to have soldiers or forts or guns, for we should certainly never be involved in any serious war, while if we were thus involved, all the President would have to do would be to call for a million men in the morning, and in the evening he would have them all ready to march against the foe. Upon such egregious folly the nation did indeed feed itself for years; and of that, this wretched inefficiency of which General Crozier is one of the scapegoats is a quite logical outcome. The present question is, therefore, not whether we are going to censure or to exculpate General Crozier and General Sharpe and the rest, but whether the nation itself is going to learn the lesson which it has thus brought upon itself and act upon that learning.

STRAINING THE SINEWS OF WAR

MONEY is the sinews of war. Bion said it, Cicero and Plutarch confirmed it, and innumerable writers and orators

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since have repeated it. We shall not challenge it, but rather observe that, since that is so, those sinews should be used with the utmost possible efficiency; neither permitted to relax nor strained to the breaking-point. Our fortunes should be employed in the service of the state commensurately with our lives; whether in million dollar bond subscriptions or in twenty-five cent Thrift Stamps.

There is a prospect that this will be done. Talk now prevails of war expenditures amounting to twenty billions, and it is not improbable that it will be realized. But what will that mean in comparison with the expenditure of human lives? Recent reports of exceptional authenticity tell us that thus far in this war Germany has lost in killed, permanently disabled and prisoners no fewer than four million men. Now the economic value of an able-bodied man to the community and the state is commonly estimated at $5,000. On that basis, then, Germany has suffered in men a loss equivalent to twenty billion dollars. In view of that, we shall not grudge the expenditure of the latter sum for the defeat and destruction of the infernal system which has brought this incomparable catastrophe upon us and upon the world.

So far as the amount of prospective expenditure is concerned, there is no occasion to worry over it or to talk of impending bankruptcy. It would take several times twenty billions, vast as that sum is, to bankrupt or even to embarrass this nation; provided always that the affairs of the nation are directed with business common sense. Twenty billions is a large sum, but it is not overwhelming. It is actually not as large, relatively, as some former expenditures and indebtedness.

Thus in the four years of the Civil War we spent in round numbers four billion dollars. Our total national wealth was then probably less than twenty billions; at the beginning of the war it was officially computed at less than seventeen billions. Reckoning expenditures at four and wealth at twenty billions, we spent one-fifth of all we had. Now our national wealth is officially computed to be more than two hundred billions; wherefore if we spend in this war as much as twenty billions, we shall spend only one-tenth of what we have, or, proportionately, only half as much as we spent in the Civil War.

Again: Let us suppose, by way of going to an extreme, that we should incur a bonded indebtedness of as much as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty billions, over and above the vast expenditures which we meet from current taxation. That would be a tremendous debt, far surpassing any public debt of any other nation before the war—indeed, surpassing any three or four of them put together. Yet after all it would not be as large, relatively, as the debt with which we found ourselves burdened at the close of the Civil War; and under which we rose up manfully and cheerfully, with nothing but contemptuous execration for the traitorous weaklings who whined about bankruptcy and repudiation. In 1865 our debt was more than two and a half billions, and our wealth was twenty billions. Therefore we were owing more than 12.5 per cent of all our possessions; and still were entirely solvent and quite prosperous, thank you! Now our wealth is more than two hundred billions, so that a debt of twenty billions would be scarcely ten per cent of it, or 2.5 per cent less than our debt of fifty-two years ago. Of course the same ratio holds good in computing the per capita liabilities and assets. A debt of twenty billions would mean an average of $200 a head; but the average wealth is $2,000 a head. Neither the state which owes twenty billions and has two hundred billions, nor the individual who owes two hundred and has two thousand, can reasonably be considered insolvent or even pecuniarily embarrassed.

Still, the service of such a debt would entail a heavy annual burden upon us and upon posterity, men say. Yes. A debt of twenty billions bearing interest at four per cent would call for no less than eight hundred millions a year. "Prodeegious!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson. Yet it really does not seem so formidable, after all, when we consider that our national income is forty-five billions a year. The charges for the service of the debt would thus be less than two per cent of our income. Or if we apply it to the individual instead of to the state, the yearly charge would be an average of eight dollars a head. But the average income is $450 a head, so that the individual would be paying an income tax of only 1.78 per cent. We certainly cannot consider such a charge as that oppressive, as payment for the war which is to save this nation from Hunnish spoliation and make the whole world safe for Democracy; particularly when we remember that, with the debt practically all held at home, we should simply be paying that service to ourselves.

These facts and features of the case demand attention, not at all as incitement to extravagance, but as reassurance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and encouragement to provide or to employ our "sinews of war" fully and courageously, so as to bring the war to a victorious conclusion at the earliest possible date and to make the victory in the highest possible degree complete. They unerringly denote that, while it would be a crime to expend a single dollar profligately or dishonestly, it would be a folly worse than any mere crime to haggle over and delay the appropriation of billions when they are needed for the most efficient and expeditious prosecution of the war. As a matter of fact it is certain that the longer the war lasts the more it will cost in money as well as in lives. But if such a contradiction were possible as that a billion or two dollars could be saved by prolonging the war for two years instead of ending it in one, we should cry, In God's name, no! Spend the extra billion or two, and end the war!

We submit in all confidence, then, that there is no occasion for worrying over the magnitude of the debt which we have thus far incurred, or that which we are likely to be required to incur, in this war. We might, of course, with perfect propriety argue that we should and must incur any debt which may be found necessary, even though it amounted not merely to ten per cent but to fifty per cent or even one hundred per cent of our available wealth. It would be better to bankrupt ourselves in defending ourselves against the Huns than to be bankrupted by the looting and the ransom which the victorious Huns would impose upon us. We have not outlived nor repudiated Pinckney's heroic words: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute!"

But there will be no bankrupting ourselves, nor any danger of it, in successful defence and in going so far beyond mere immediate defence as to crush the Huns and make the world safe for Democracy, thus assuring security for the future as well as for the present. In colonial days, men thought in terms of hundreds, or perhaps thousands. In the early years of the Republic, they thought in terms of hundreds of thousands, growing into millions. In Civil War times they thought in terms of tens and hundreds of millions. We must now think in terms of billions. Thomas B. Reed suggested a profound truth when, to the complaint that Congress, by the size of its appropriations, had become "a billion dollar Congress," he replied, "Yes, and this is a billion dollar country!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us not be afraid because our second Liberty Loan has swelled the volume of our war financiering to something approximating a score of billions. We are a ten score billion country. If a third Liberty Loan be needed, of seven or eleven and a half billions more, and if then a fourth and a fifth be needed, the money will be forthcoming. Let no man say that it was not needed to do this, that if we had minded our own business we should not have been attacked nor involved in the war. We did mind our own business, and while scrupulously doing so we were treacherously attacked. In view of recent indisputable revelations, only a fool can deny or doubt that Germany intended, after conquering Europe, to attack and conquer America. She actually did attack us, while we were at peace and on friendly relations with her, by commissioning her Ambassador here to organize law-breaking campaigns of violence upon our soil. And five years before she made her attack upon the nations of Western Europe she prepared at once to weaken them and to make us the more vulnerable to her subsequent attack, by seeking, with money surreptitiously used here, to foment trouble and alienation between America and Great Britain.

No, there was no escape. The war was forced upon us, and we must fight it through to a triumphant finish, no matter how great may be the cost in treasure and in lives. By no act of our own, but by the deliberate, wanton act of our arch-enemy, we have been forced into a position where everything is at stake:

> For all we have and are,
> For all our children's fate,
> Stand up and meet the war,—
> *The Hun is at the gate!*

And we are not going to be content with merely driving him from the gate, but we shall track the Blond Beast to his lair and so manhandle him that he shall never again be able to approach our gate or the gate of any other democracy in the world.

They are responding to every call that is made upon them in Flanders and in France, those gallant Allies of ours who for three years have been protecting us from the ravening Huns. They are responding by going "over the top" with wave after wave of steel, and blood, and human lives. It is impossible that we should ever be so base, so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recreant, so unworthy of our Allies, as to falter for a moment in responding to whatever call is made upon us, or in going "over the top" with wave after wave of gold. Think in billions! Give in billions! And whenever there is a call for giving,—which after all is not giving, but merely loaning at a profit and on the amplest security in the world,—remember that he gives doubly who gives quickly. The Hun sends millions against us. Let us answer him with our billions!

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR THE WORLD

THE world must be made safe for Democracy. That has become axiomatic. It is the battle call of the great war. We are insisting, we shall resolutely continue to insist until the end is victoriously attained, that Autocracy shall no more be permitted to oppress and to menace Democracy, and that the right of even the smallest nationality to live its own life in its own way, so long as it is not a nuisance to its neighbors, shall be as respected and as secure as that of the most powerful empire. The world must be and shall be made safe for Democracy.

But what of the converse? "*Quis custodes ipsos custodiet?*" demanded Juvenal. If at so great a cost we make the world safe for Democracy, who will make Democracy safe for the world? Perhaps we should say not Democracy but the things which pose in the name of Democracy. For of the intrinsic safety of true Democracy we have no doubt. A spurious Democracy on the other hand may be one of the most dangerous things in the world.

Note, for example, Russia. How many crimes are there committed in the name of Democracy! In that ill-used name things have been done which have imperilled the cause of real Democracy the world around. Bolsheviki, Maximalist, and who not else, have paralyzed the arm of real Democracy and have hobnobbed with Autocracy, all in the name of the people. Partly it was done in ignorance, partly in ungovernable frenzy, partly through the corruption of the foe. But whatever the cause, it made Democracy seem a menace to the world. It would be not merely a menace but actual destruction if it prevailed. And who shall restrain it from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus prevailing? Who shall make Democracy safe for the world?

But Russian Democracy, say some, does not count. It is not the real thing. Russia has so long been kept in the darkness of despotism that she knows no better than to indulge in these mad excesses. We must look elsewhere for genuine Democracy, even to ourselves. We are the people. With that we cannot by any means agree. For the leaders of the most dangerous madness in Russia are not ignorant men. They are men who are learned with the learning of the schools, who have for years been students of government, who have, some of them, lived in America and observed our Democracy at close quarters and at first hand. But let that pass, and let us look to ourselves. We vaunt ourselves as the Simon-pure Democrats of the world. Is our own brand of it always altogether safe?

We have seen things done, or attempted to be done, here in the name of Democracy which are a menace and would if they succeeded be destructive to the world. La Follette professes Democracy. The People's Council professes Democracy. The Friends of Peace are ardent Democrats, in their own esteem. The I. W. W. clamor vehemently for the rule of the people. Every slacker, every pacifist, every advocate of an immediate—which means a German—peace, everyone who in vicious activity or in passive inertia seeks to hamper the Government in its prosecution of the war and to defeat its aims, flaunts over himself the ill-used name of Democrat. All the indifference—and God knows how much of it there still is all over the land!—and all the potential or actual treason that ferments and intrigues among us, take to themselves the name of Democracy. Who shall make it safe for the world?

We are not pessimistic. We know that those whom we have described are not the majority, but a very small minority of the nation. They are few. But then, Benedict Arnold was only one; yet he was not tolerated or ignored as a negligible factor. We know, too, that traitors and the disaffected are not peculiar to democracies. They exist, even more numerously, in monarchies. Yes; but that is different. In a despotism treason is often patriotism. "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." But in a Democracy treason is treason against the people. That is why it is a so much more odious thing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world, we say, must be made safe for Democracy. One of the surest ways of doing that, and one of the absolutely essential requisites, is to make Democracy safe for the world. We said much earlier in the war that democrats were on trial. It was to be seen whether the citizens of a republic could be as devoted and as efficient in war as the subjects of a monarchy. Now it is further to be seen whether they can be as constant in purpose, and as loyal to their aims and pledges, as is a monarch himself, alone. The one sovereign, like Frederick, or Napoleon, sticks to his course inflexibly, year after year, and never falters or wavers in his self-seeking. Can the million or the many million sovereigns of a Democracy do the same?

That is the question which is to be answered. It is for this country to answer it, and to answer it both for itself and for others. It is for us to purge ourselves of treason, to cast off indifference, and to make our Democracy a thing under the control of which the best interests of the world would be secure. It is for us, too, to bring to that standard the Democracy of other lands which are as dependent upon us morally as they are physically. Russia looks to us for money, for munitions, for engineering, and we have hastened —after long delay—to give them to her. It is no less incumbent and it is certainly no less essential and imperative for us also to impart to her in some way the spirit of a Democracy which will be safe for the world.

This war is casting the nations into a melting-pot, and the coming of peace will pour them forth into a new mould. It is for Democracy to dominate the process, and to give to the new form which the world is to assume a character, a tone, a quality, which will be safe for humanity. That, as we see it, is the supreme duty, privilege, labor, of the United States. That is paramount even to the task of winning the war, because that duty is to be performed both while we are carrying the war on to victory and when we are settling the terms of peace. It is paramount to everything else, because no matter what else is or is not achieved, victory in this war will be vanity of vanities if it does not make the world safe for Democracy; and for the world to be safe for Democracy, Democracy must be safe for the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOWN MEETING DIPLOMACY

For " Town Meeting " read " Bolsheviki," or vice versa. The Russian ructionists have been putting into practice the doctrine which the " People's Council " and other theorizers, good, bad and indifferent, have been preaching. That is, that there shall be no confidential negotiations and agreements among governments through their diplomatic agents, but everything shall be done openly, in town meeting, with brass band accompaniment, and nothing shall be really effective or valid until approved by a plebiscite. To emphasize this counsel of perfection, and sternly to rebuke the former practice of diplomacy by diplomats, Lenine and Trotsky break the seals, open the books, and betray the confidences of the world.

It is an interesting and illuminating display of revolutionary ethics, the logical and appropriate complement of which would be a repudiation of the national debt which was incurred before Lenine and Trotsky looted the government. Why not? Fiscal obligations are no more sacred than diplomatic. If it is right to repudiate the former government's pledge of confidence or secrecy, it is equally right to repudiate its pledge to repay the money which it borrowed. By all means let us be logical and carry principles to their reasonable conclusion. Perhaps some of our domestic Bolsheviki, who call themselves Pacifists, will favor us with their counsel in the matter. Here they see the practical application of their pet principle. Are they prepared to advocate its extension to other things than treaties?

For us, we confess to an old fashioned persistence in keeping faith. Also, we believe in the indissoluble connection between power and responsibility. When one government succeeds another, by revolution or otherwise, it assumes all the powers of its predecessor, and it should—in our antiquated view, it must—equally incur all its predecessor's responsibilities, diplomatic and pecuniary. Perhaps the Bolsheviki and People's Council have hit upon a better practice; but we are somewhat set in our view. There may be ground for questioning whether this quite unprecedented breach of faith and decency was spontaneous with the People's Council of Russia, commonly called Bolsheviki for short, or was done at the incitement or dictation of Germany, using Lenine and Trotsky as Hunnish puppets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was stipulated, we are told, that a promise was made to Italy that if she would join the Allies, she should have Italia Irredenta restored to her. Well, what of that? Is there anybody in the world so jolly green as to have imagined for a moment that Italy entered the war without the fixed intention of regaining her own from the thievish Tedesci? As well suppose that France has no thought of retaking Alsace-Lorraine. In like manner other "secret treaties" were nothing in the world but agreements to do what the whole world has unhesitatingly assumed the Powers have from the outset meant to do.

The making of these disclosures, at the expense of the indelible disgrace of those who have made them, will therefore not discredit nor embarrass the governments concerning which they are made; the treacherous trick will not profit Germany, in whose interest apparently, and at whose incitement possibly, it was performed. That would be so because alone of the character of the revelations. It is so with additional emphasis because of Germany's own record in secret diplomacy. Of that a single example will suffice, which appeals with direct force to the United States. While ostensibly maintaining friendly relations with this country, and making for it high profession of friendship, that Power undertook to make secret compacts with two other Powers, which also were on friendly relations with us, for their concerted invasion of and partitioning of the United States.

This same consideration, moreover, suggests the insuperable objection to town-meeting diplomacy, that in it you are laying your cards upon the table before an opponent who keeps his carefully concealed from you. There may be those who think that we should not play cards at all. Very well. We can understand though we do not agree with them. But even they must see that so long as we do play, we must play on equal terms. If our opponents conceal their hands from us, we must in lawful self defence conceal ours from them. If the Central Powers make secret treaties against the Allies, the Allies must make secret treaties against the Central Powers. That is elementary common sense and justice. To say that Germany and her allies were to be free to conspire for the spoliation of Belgium and Serbia, the crippling of France and England, and the partitioning of America, and that France and Italy were not in return to take measures for the redemption of Alsace-Lorraine and Italia Irredenta from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teuton yoke, would be to affront high Heaven with the clamor of fools.

Nor are we ready for one moment to concede that the conducting of diplomatic negotiations under the seal of confidence is identical with the Unpardonable Sin. The circumstance of privacy or publicity is a matter of expediency, not of morals. A bad treaty is bad, though it be made by plebiscite and blazoned from the housetops, and a good treaty is good though it be sealed with seven times seven seals of golden solence. In war no general but a madman announces his strategy in advance. In commerce and in industry men who succeed keep their own counsel. The jury which determines the guilt or innocence of the man on trial for his life does not conduct its deliberations with speaking trumpets in the market-place. We know of no reason in sense or logic or good morals why there should be an exception in favor of enforced publicity in the case of international transactions of sovereign states.

But, as Rabelais suggested, *retournons a nos moutons.* The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the test of the town-meeting system of diplomacy is in the practice of it. In such practice the Russian People's Council has committed an act of gratuitous treachery, the baseness of which is not lessened by its futility. As for the efficiency of the town meeting which the Bolsheviki organized at Brest-Litovsk, we need not dwell upon that. It is our impression that no old-fashioned diplomacy ever made a more egregious holy show of itself than that.

KILL SPIES

A NATURALIZED German has been arrested for wilfully tampering with the machinery of torpedoes. He is charged with treason, the penalty for which, in time of war, is death. This man will be tried before a civil court, his ingenious lawyers will befog the minds of the not over intelligent jurors, the trial will be the same solemn farce that has made law a disgrace in this country, and the man who has foresworn his allegiance and betrayed his country to the enemy will, in all probability, escape by the payment of a fine, paid by the German Government, or a short term of imprisonment; if he has the luck of Captain Hans Tauscher, who offered to plead guilty to the charge of directing a con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spiracy to blow up the Welland canal but was declared innocent because prominent army officers testified to his high character and social graces, a sentimental or corrupt jury will acquit him and he will go scot-free, with full liberty to be the means of sending American soldiers to their death.

How long before the sentimentalists in control in Washington will awaken to the fact that we are at war? How long must the people endure the silly chatter of the Secretary of the Navy who preaches the doctrine of love the German as thyself, or the Secretary of War spouting Sunday school platitudes, or the polished periods of the President reiterating the fallacy that we are not at war with the German people? How many more lives must be sacrificed before the people do justice? We are at war. The German people, whom we have been implored not to hate, with devilish cunning are daily committing murder and arson, impeding military preparation by crippling factories and machinery, killing men and women without compunction. The time for sentiment has passed, the time for action has come. The spy knows the penalty when he is caught, that penalty should be swift and certain; he should be sent not before a civil court, where justice is uncertain and legal technicalities govern, but placed on trial before a court-martial, where justice and not chicanery rules; and no politico-sentimentalist should have the power to set aside the sentence. "The sword of justice has no scabbard." Unless we keep the blade keen and let it fall remorselessly it will be turned against ourselves. A single spy shot will deter a score, but one spy cast loose because the web of justice cannot hold is the encouragement to a hundred more.

And yet—can anybody picture Newton D. Baker signing a death warrant?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIA ON THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE Russian kaleidoscope continues to gyrate with disconcerting rapidity. One day we read, in glaring headlines, that Lenin and Trotsky, denouncing the "unconscionable lies" of the German peace negotiators, have broken off relations with them; that a "red" army of three millions is ready to re-enter the war; that England and France are about to recognize the Lenin-Trotsky group as the de facto Government of Russia. On the next day, we learn that Trotsky and his colleagues are once more on their way to Brest-Litovsk, the German Eastern Headquarters, to resume negotiations; that a separate peace is practically certain.

I think we shall be wise to await the outcome before waxing enthusiastic over the war gestures of the Bolshevik adventurers; they may be simply a part of "the haggling of the market." We shall be wise to see that, in the face of the Bolsheviki, Germany's position is overwhelmingly strong. The Bolsheviki have hardly more than a choice between ignominious surrender and a resumption of war with an army hopelessly weak, absolutely demoralized by their own propaganda, without officers, predestined to disaster. It is true that the defeat of the Bolsheviki might have one fortunate outcome: it might give one more opportunity to the sane and constructive forces in Russia, if such forces still exist, to control the energies of the nation. In this event, we might possibly see Russia, after many months, re-enter the war on the side of justice and liberty. Meanwhile, we shall be wise to look the facts in the face; to see exactly what is involved by the widespread Russian desire for a separate peace, to take a clear view of the moral and spiritual principles involved.

It is not only that Russia, which was so eloquent, a little while ago, concerning German perfidy, has turned her agree-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment with the Allies to seek no separate peace into a scrap of paper. Her betrayal is far worse than that, far more deserving of condemnation. Without doubt, Germany and her Kaiser "willed this war," all hypocrisy notwithstanding. But the actual cause of the war was the determination—the wise and noble determination—of the Russian Imperial Government not to allow Austria to crush and humiliate Serbia, as Austria planned to, when she sent her outrageous ultimatum. An invasion of Serbia by Austria, ending with an occupation of Belgrade, while dealing a deadly blow at Serbia's national sovereignty, would, after all, have been a local question. It would not have involved the whole world in universal war. But Russia would not consent to this foul violation of the rights of nations. Russia determined to go to war. And, because she was bound by treaty to Russia, France was by this step inevitably drawn into the war. This precipitated the German plan, completely developed and prepared a decade earlier, and carried out with a parade of cynical lying, to violate Belgian neutrality, and thus England, too, was brought into the war.

Russia's determination, Russia's act, thus drew down upon Belgium, France and England this appalling catastrophe, and they have, with unflinching loyalty and heroism, with a high, untarnishable sense of honor, carried out their obligation to the uttermost farthing. And now, Russia " is tired of the war," and is taking steps to save her skin, or what remains of it, by betraying the Allies whom she involved in war. This, she calls " saving the fruits of the revolution."

But base and cowardly as Russia's action towards the Western Allies is, I think that her procedure towards a group of nations much closer to her, geographically, is incomparably worse. Let us begin with Poland: Poland, the larger part of which, by no wish of its own, was tied to Russia's chariot wheels, bound and fettered to the destiny of Russia. The Poles of Russia, with rare heroism and self-abnegation, threw themselves wholeheartedly on Russia's side from the moment war was declared. They forgot their many and real grievances against Russia, forgot for the time their own national existence even, and, with a self-sacrifice which should put certain other nations with " grievances " to lasting shame, they offered themselves, soul and body, on the altar of human liberty, giving their all to the great, universal cause of righteousness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The development of the war on the Eastern front drew down on the head of Poland the abominable horrors and outrages which Belgium suffered in the West; and the tortures of Poland were worse, because they were more remote, more hidden, less comprehended and less mitigated by the world's pitying ministrations. Poland has suffered horribly, as a result of her connection with Russia. It was the clear view of the inevitableness of this suffering, a deep and grateful recognition of Poland's loyalty to Russia and to righteousness that inspired, we may believe, the proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas, on August 5, 1914, beginning with the stirring words: "Poles! the hour has sounded when the sacred dream of your fathers and your forefathers may be realized." That proclamation pledged Russia to the establishment of a free, united and autonomous Poland; practically to the detachment from Germany and Austria of the dismembered parts of Poland in Posen and Galicia and their union with Russian Poland as a free nation. And, inspired not so much by this pledge as by their own splendid loyalty and self-sacrifice, the Poles unflinchingly endured horrors of cruelty and outrage at the hands of Russia's bestial foes. And now, to "preserve the fruits of the revolution," Russia is coldly and heartlessly betraying Poland and the whole Polish nation, in effect giving them over to Teuton despotism, thinly veiled by a travesty of autonomy. And this, in the name of "Russia's finer inspiration of humanity."

Take Serbia next. The Serbian race, closely akin to the Russians in blood and tongue and faith, had, in their long fight for national resurrection, been aided from the outset by imperial Russia, this aid culminating in the campaign of 1877, under "Alexander the Liberator." The name was earned by a threefold act of liberation: the freeing of the serfs, in 1861, two years before Lincoln's proclamation freed from slavery millions of Americans; the freeing of the Balkan nations, and in particular of Bulgaria and Serbia, from age-long Turkish rapine; and, thirdly, the political liberation of the Russian people, planned, but not consummated by Alexander II—because, on the eve of signing the already prepared Russian Constitution, he was foully assassinated by the Terrorists, the "revolutionary Socialists" of that day. It is true that the blundering stupidity of General Kaulbars, a German in Russian service, later alienated from Rus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sia not only Bulgaria, but Roumania also, which had been Russia's gallant and effective ally in the war against Turkey; but the debt of the Balkan nations to imperial Russia was, nevertheless, immense. And with Serbia, Russia's relations and sympathies remained peculiarly close. It is probable that if, in July, 1914, Russia had flatly declared to Serbia that Russia would under no circumstances go to war to defend Serbia against Austria, we should have had no world war—at least at that time. That would have been an ignoble act on Russia's part but she chose the nobler part, and drew the sword for Serbia, thus inevitably plunging all Europe into the horrors of war. This championship of that small, gallant nation against her oppressors was a chivalrous act. But it also created a very sacred obligation: the obligation to continue all needed efforts and sacrifices until Serbia's cause should be triumphant. And this peculiarly sacred obligation, "free Russia" now repudiates, with a brutal selfishness that is appalling. The blood of Serbia is upon Russia's head—and not on the head of imperial Russia, which did strive to redeem the obligation of loyalty, but on the head of the Russian Socialists who "through baseness, make the great betrayal."

There is then Roumania: Roumania, whose case is peculiarly tragical. Drawn into the war on the side of the Allies, Roumania was, in the first instance, betrayed by broken promises of munitions and material help by Premier Stuermer; though it is the fact that a considerable Russian army did enter Roumania and fight gallantly in the northward ridge of the Carpathians; betrayed, now, by "free Russia," and forced, by this betrayal, to throw herself on the mercy of an implacable enemy. The blood of the Roumanian nation, like the blood of Serbia and of Poland, is upon Russia's head.

It is not necessary to say much concerning Italy; the Italian armies, the people of the occupied Venetian plain, will know exactly what they owe to Russia and to Russian faith. And if there should be further national withdrawal in northern Italy, further national suffering and sorrow, that will make the account heavier, but in no wise clearer. As to the immediate result to ourselves of Russia's desertion in the face of the foe, one need say even less. Those who among us wear mourning, because of the vastly heavier contribution of blood and sacrifice we shall be compelled to make, will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know to whose cowardice they owe their bereavement. Yet our sacrifices, even thus entailed, will bring their great reward.

This, then, is the indictment against Russia. Let us try to fix, so far as may be, the responsibility.

To accuse Russia's present Socialist masters, who are actually engineering the shameful pact with Germany, to call them traitors, would be both futile and unjust. On the contrary, they are carrying out the principles they have from the first professed.

Nor can the Russian Socialists be justly blamed. It is high time that we should understand that this is precisely the kind of thing that Socialism is; that these professional "Internationalists" are the predestined betrayers of nations; they are so by the very terms of their faith; as they are inevitably pro-German, because Socialism is so essentially German, in its origin and in its spirit: its bigotry, its tyranny, its unceasing "hymn of hate" sung in the name of brotherhood and humanity.

On the contrary, we owe a debt of gratitude to these Petrograd Socialists for stripping the mask from the face of Socialist Internationalism, and showing it for the greedy, base and treacherous travesty it is. We are forewarned now; there is yet time for us to protect ourselves from exactly the same danger, the same betrayal. I do not believe, therefore, that the Lenin-Trotsky gang can be held responsible for the loss of Russia's honor, if only for the reason that they repudiate the very principle of national honor.

But, when we come to the Provisional Government, the case is altogether different. Their responsibility would seem to be heavy and absolutely clear. And I am convinced that, in the name of honesty and good faith, we shall serve Russia best by the most unswerving analysis of that responsibility.

When the revolution was carried through, last March, we were told that it was made necessary and right by two things: first, because the Russian ministry was secretly working for a separate peace with Germany and her allies, with Protopopoff, Minister of the Interior, as protagonist of the plot. If that was true, it was unspeakably base. If Nicholas II was party to such a plot, he was guilty of a treasonable act. But what real evidence has ever been given to the world demonstrating that Nicholas II ever held that design?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is the fact? That for two and a half years Nicholas fought loyally for the cause of the Allies—and that the day of his abdication marked the practical withdrawal of Russia from the war and the Allies' cause. If he was so completely pro-German, as his successors in the government of Russia declare, why, in the name of common sense, did he go to war with Germany? No; we have heard the assertions of his enemies, assertions unbacked so far by any genuine evidence. But we have not yet heard the side of Nicholas himself. The primal requisite of justice has not yet, in his case, been fulfilled.

As for Protopopoff, the problem is a difficult one. He was a man who stood high, an able parliamentarian, a close friend of Rodzianko and Gutchkoff, for some time Vice-President of the Duma, one of the trusted Duma leaders; and, as a Duma leader, he visited France and England with the Duma Committee in the summer of 1916. More than that: while in Stockholm on his way back to Russia with the Duma Committee, he was approached by a German diplomat who urged him to persuade Russia to make a separate peace, Russia to have, among her rewards, possession of Constantinople—at the cost, of course, of Germany's ally, Turkey. And the noteworthy thing is, that it was Protopopoff himself who revealed and denounced these intrigues in the Duma, with Rodzianko standing sponsor for him. I confess I cannot understand exactly by what process the corruption of Protopopoff, his conversion from patriot to traitor, was brought about between the Autumn of 1916 and the Spring of 1917—if it was brought about. But this fact is abundantly clear: Protopopoff was thrown into prison, in the first days of the revolution and has, seemingly, been kept there ever since. Why, then, if he was guilty, was he not put on trial? If there was clear evidence convicting him of treason—or of planning the treason which Russia is now carrying out—why was he not put on trial, convicted and shot? Elementary justice demands his trial; wisdom demands that he should have been tried, with the fullest publicity and without delay. It was found possible to try, convict and condemn Sukhomlinoff; why was it not equally possible to try Protopopoff?

The second reason alleged for bringing about the revolution was that the Tsar, or, if you wish, the Minister of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Interior, had prorogued the Duma. Yes; we remember that there was once a Duma. . . . Its present status is obscure. Is the Duma still in being? Has it been dissolved—by the present government of usurpers, who have not a shred of legal authority, either to make or mar? Or did the Duma simply fade away into innocuous desuetude? Well, was it worth while creating a revolution for the sake of that anemic wraith? After the Tsar's abdication, all legal power in Russia was in the hands of the Duma. One would be inclined to ask the Duma to render an account of its stewardship—if the Duma could be found.

It seems to me that there was a certain insubstantiality in both these revolutionary pleas—a certain lack of candor also. For the fact is, that the Duma leaders had determined to bring about a revolution months before: long before Protopopoff could have plotted to make a separate peace; before Protopopoff was appointed Minister; long before the Duma was prorogued. These were not the causes of the Russian Revolution; they were merely pretexts, excuses before international opinion. The truth seems to be, that the Duma leaders wanted to become Ministers themselves—as they did in fact become Ministers—perhaps because they felt certain that they could do infinitely better than the old imperial ministry which was, they said, honeycombed with pro-German feeling and grossly incompetent. Well, the world can now judge which of the two was more competent, more formidable to the enemy.

But at this point, I shall probably find myself in conflict with American feeling and American opinion, which holds that a revolution against Tsardom is so inherently right and necessary, that no justification is needed; which holds that it was magnificent of the "Russian people" to rise in their might and throw off the hated yoke; which applauded enthusiastically the arrival of "the world's youngest democracy," "the new republic of the Slavs."

Yes; an overwhelming section of American opinion held that view—in part, I think, from a natural ignorance of real conditions in Russia. We forgot, those of us who exulted in the Russian Revolution, that their case was worlds away from ours. In 1776, the year called to our minds by the word Revolution, the thirteen American States had been schooled in constitutional government for generations; their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

representative institutions were an immediate outgrowth, nay, a living part of the great tree of representative government which is England's lasting contribution to the organization of mankind. They were saturated with English constitutional law and practice; and it was precisely in the name of English constitutional law that they raised the standard of revolution.

But the Russian people have had no such training. The communistic meetings of their village Mirs bear no analogy to the constitutional organization and training of the thirteen American colonies. It was, therefore, a piece of large credulity, to say the least, to credit them with an inherent and full-grown aptitude for the very complicated and difficult task of constitutional government. They already had a beginning of representative government, in the young and still inexperienced Duma; they had, what we have not yet in the United States, the beginnings of ministerial responsibility. They had a dynasty, established by the national will, in a great Constituent Assembly in which were represented all the living elements of Russia, three hundred years before; a dynasty, with whose growth Russia had grown great, pushing north-westward to the Baltic, south-westward to the Black Sea, eastward, across the vast untouched spaces of Siberia to the Pacific, and even across Bering Straits to include Alaska. With the Romanoffs, Russia had grown great; already, with the lapse of the dynasty, Russia is falling to pieces. Unquestionably, the old régime had its faults, many and grave; but it had this supreme virtue: it was able to call, and to call successfully, on the Russian army for immense sacrifices and heroic devotion, as against the gross motions of selfishness which seem to be the highest ideal of " free Russia."

But the Russian People, I shall be told, threw off a despotism. Let us for the moment say that they did. But they have now fallen under a far worse despotism, whether it be that of paid agents of the German tyranny or—still worse—the despotism of all that is basest in themselves.

But the plain truth is that the Russian people did not throw off a despotism, nor did they carry through a revolution. The mass of the Russian People—if there be a Russian People, and not a mere conglomerate of self-centered villagers—had as small a part in the " Russian Revolution "

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as had the highlanders of Tibet. Nor have the Russian People had any chance to express an opinion as to the revolution. After nearly a year, that elementary step has not been taken; no Constituent Assembly has been called—for the packed Congress of Socialists being got together under that name is a fraudulent pretence.

But to return to the Provisional Government and their responsibility. Trotsky, with a fine sense of honorable obligation, has been publishing secret treaties, with the deliberate purpose, of course, of damaging the Allies and helping Germany, though he has quite failed to throw discredit on the Allies. But there are two secret treaties which he has not published yet, and is not likely to publish: first, the treaty which the Petrograd Socialists made with the Kaiser, the operation of which we are now witnessing; and, second, the treaty which the Duma leaders made with the Socialists of the Sovyet—the operation of which has been Russia's shame and humiliation since the early Spring. The fact is that, already at the end of April, the Provisional Government was tied hand and foot, supine before the Sovyet, timidly obeying the Sovyet's behests. And the supreme proof of their subjection was, and is, the anarchic demoralization of the Russian army. And the plain truth is that, for the promulgation of this ghastly piece of folly Alexander Kerensky is absolutely responsible. There was, if you wish, an element of idealism in urging self-government on an army, on the battle-line. But there was more of folly and yet more of vanity. Folly, because even a little common sense would have told him that an army is not a debating society, but a stern instrument of war, formed for work that, at the best, is terribly dangerous, work on whose efficiency depends the liberty, nay, the very existence of nations; an army can win only if moved by a single will, carrying out a single plan; and, even on this condition, it is far from certain to win. But, without this condition, it is absolutely and fatally certain to lose.

There was much of folly here, but even more of vanity. These Russian leaders, green and untried in practical tasks, were self-persuaded that they were going to set up a new standard, teach a new lesson of human perfection, to the whole world—and notably to " effete " France and England, which still insist on real discipline in their armies. Kerensky did not see, and did not want to see, that to turn an army

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into a debating society is about as wise as going to sea in an apartment house; the foundering of one is as certain as the disaster awaiting the other. And he did not see this, I am persuaded, largely because of his overweening vanity. I doubt whether he sees it even now.

But, in the last analysis, responsibility rests with the manhood of the Russian army. We have heard a part—a very small part—of the truth regarding the assassination of Russian officers by men in the ranks. That was condoned, if not actually counselled, by the members of the Provisional Government, who gave to the soldiers lists of officers "faithful to the revolution," and who were, therefore, not to be shot. I suppose they did not say so openly; but it is pretty plain that they expected all officers not thus franked to be assassinated. At any rate, large numbers of officers were so assassinated, both by the soldiers and the sailors. Among these officers murdered was Commander Butakoff, for years Russian military attaché to the United States, a man as kindly and gentle as he was loyal. And he was butchered, and hundreds like him. And the gentlemen of the Provisional Government did not raise a finger to stop it. They simply franked their own favorites. This, in the name of "the new liberty."

So they made their fatal bargain with the Socialists, and now the mortgage has fallen due.

But their acquiescence in murder in no way exonerates the soldiers and sailors who did the butchering. Their guilt is their own. And the guilt of Russia's base betrayal is theirs also. It is mere intellectual levity to think that the Germanic Socialists at Petrograd, even if "advised," as we are told, by members of the German General Staff, are delivering an unwilling army, bound and helpless, to treachery and dishonor. There are still brave men and men of honor in the rank and file in the Russian army; but their helplessness in the ghastly collapse in the fighting, last July, shows that the cowards are in the majority. As for the officers, as General Alexeieff said at Moscow, many of them are martyrs, tragically alive to the disgrace that is being brought upon them. We should give these officers our heart-felt sympathy now—even if we made no protest when their fellow-officers were being murdered.

There is, perhaps, one ray of hope for Russia: that General Kaledin may be completely successful, and may estab-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lish a government founded on loyalty, on devotion, on obedience, on good faith. From the scattered fragments of the "Provisional Government," I am convinced that we need hope for nothing. I think they have shown themselves devoid not only of the rudiments of statesmanship, but, what is a greater matter, pretty completely devoid of moral principle. Their pact with the Socialists sufficiently demonstrates that.

For Russia, I am quite convinced, the only right government is a monarchy, one in which the mainspring will be loyalty and devotion, not the grossest selfishness and self-seeking. If there should be any possibility of the establishment of such a government, whether through General Kaledin, or by any other means—except German intervention—let us learn from our mistakes; let us not only not criticise or oppose such a government, with a narrowness which can see no good in any institutions but our own; let us, on the contrary, welcome and strengthen it. Let us clear our minds of shadows and the superstition of names, and see things as they really are. We have optimistically—and somewhat credulously—called Russia free, a republic, a democracy. Russia has not, for a single day, been either a republic, a democracy, or free. Under a monarchy which makes the high appeal of loyalty, she may be really free, and may have something of genuine democracy also. But we must, I think, remember that, if it be necessary to make the world safe for democracy, it is even more necessary to make the world safe for honor and justice.

It is with deep shame and a sense of personal humiliation that a life-long friend of Russia writes of Russia as I have felt compelled to write. Yet not without hope also. For in the Russia the world has known, in the Russians one has known, there was so much that was fine, honorable, inspiring, that there is yet room for hope. It may be that, even at the eleventh hour, all the forces in Russia that make for righteousness, and they are many, may find the unity and strength to bring Russia back to the path of loyalty and honor, justifying all that her friends have hoped of her, of nobility and justice and genuine humanity.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH RAILWAYS DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

FEW things have been more completely satisfactory to an Englishman in our conduct of this war than the management of the British railways. It was one of the problems we had really thought out, with the result that plans laid down in times of peace were carried out with a flawless efficiency when the hour struck for their application. As long ago as 1871 the Regulation of the Forces Act was passed, empowering the Government to take control, whenever necessary, of the railways of the country. Ever since then officialdom and the heads of the different companies have worked in the closest co-operation, devising their programme of mobilization, agreeing on the best points of concentration, mapping out the most convenient routings, computing the amount of stock that would be available at various centres for the transportation of troops and material, arranging not the terms but the principles of the financial agreement between the State and the railways, drawing up elaborate time-tables, choosing from among the managers of the companies the men who would be best qualified to take command at a crisis, studying, in short, in detail and as a whole, the infinitely difficult task of converting to war uses a railway system not one mile of which had been built with an eye to strategic considerations.

For over forty years the work had been going on, each year, of course, seeing some addition to or variation of particular points in the scheme of operation, but probably no change at all in its general character. From the very first the objects to be aimed at were clear: First, to run the railways as a complete unit, a single system; secondly, to place their management in the hands of an executive committee composed of the best men from the principal companies; and, thirdly, to compensate the railways so that the shareholders,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even if they gained nothing, would lose nothing by having come under national control.

War was declared on August 4th, 1914. On the same day the Government took over the railways, and the mobilization scheme came into force. A fortnight or so later the whole of the original Expeditionary Force, about 120,000 strong, had been landed in France without anyone in Germany and very few people in Great Britain knowing anything about it. Southampton, which was closed to all but military traffic, was the port of embarkation. Eighty trains a day converged upon it. Each train ran to its fixed schedule. Each train was made up of the precise equipment assigned to it. And each carried precisely the troops which the scheme had allotted to it.

There was not, I believe, a single case in which the men of the Expeditionary Force had to wait for their trains. They were entrained, detrained, embarked, disembarked, without hitch or accident or the loss of a minute of time or a pound of equipment. The mobilization order called for 1,500 trains and the conveyance of 60,000 horses in 9,000 trucks. On one day 213 special troop trains were in motion in different parts of the country. On another the railways ran 104 trains, carrying 25,000 troops, over 6,000 horses and 1,000 tons of baggage. They were scheduled to reach Southampton at intervals of twelve minutes during the sixteen hours from dawn to dark. A special instruction provided that if any train was as much as twelve minutes late it was to be regarded as having missed its turn. It was to be sidetracked at any convenient spot, and the transport was to leave without waiting for it. The instruction was not necessary. No single train during the whole embarkation period failed to fall into and to keep its appointed place in the procession.

What began so brilliantly has been as brilliantly sustained. Since the outbreak of the war the British railways must have carried to and from the different ports of embarkation and shipment, for purely military purposes, not less than 13,000,000 persons, about 2,000,000 horses and mules, at least 70,000,000 gallons of petrol, 1,500 tons a week of mail matter, and something like 25,000,000 tons of explosives and material. But that has been only part, and by no means the most complex part, of their services. An immense amount of traffic, unprecedented in character, volume, origin and des-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tination, has devolved upon them throughout the country. Huge factories have sprung up where no factories existed before the war. Little wayside stations have become the centres of vast encampments. Half a dozen important ports have been taken up wholly by naval needs and their normal traffic diverted elsewhere. Small and unconsidered lines have grown to be vital arteries. The munitions industry, which necessitates the manufacture of components at widely separated factories to such an extent that four or five works at four or five different places may each have contributed to the completed shell, has likewise involved the railways in colossal readjustments.

And with all this, with an extra burden of traffic and an abnormal wear and tear and endless dislocations of their established routine, the railways have had to get along with a greatly depleted staff. Of the 640,000 men and boys who were in the service of the companies before the war nearly 170,000 have joined the Colors; and their places have been only partially and inadequately filled by the 60,000 women who have taken up railway work. Not only, however, have the companies throughout a period of unexampled stress been short-handed; not only have they had to do without one man in every four of the rank and file; but renewals and repairs have fallen necessarily into arrears. Shops that should have been building new engines or overhauling old ones have been given up to making shells and aeroplanes and motor lorries. Steel that should have been rolled into new rails has been commandeered for ship plates and munitions. All the British railways are now being worked on the narrowest margin of safety known in their history.

But they have done much else besides transporting troops and material and keeping the internal trade of the country alive and handling and distributing an inordinate volume of imports. Before the war they had spent some £50,000,000 on docks and harbors. These they at once turned over to the Government. They had spent a further £6,000,000 or so on steamers and tugs, and practically the whole of their fleet has been requisitioned by the Admiralty. Some of their shops have been turned into munition factories; others have specialized in turning out transport wagons, telephone equipment, and a variety of special vehicles for armament traffic. The vast works at Crewe, Swindon, Doncaster and Gorton have been busier on Government than on railway work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The companies, again, have converted some of their steamers into hospital ships. Several of their convalescent homes are now homes of rest for wounded soldiers. At not a few of their shops repairs and construction for the Navy have been undertaken. They have furnished the Army with the most perfectly equipped ambulance and commissariat trains in existence. Special corps of railway men have helped to rebuild the shattered bridges and tracks of France and to restore, maintain and develop that wonderful system of railway communications behind the British Front which is one of the biggest achievements of the war. Taking all the theatres of war together, British railwaymen and engineers have laid down not less than 4,000 miles of track. And in handling the wounded, in stretcher-bearing and in all kinds of ambulance work the railwaymen, thanks to their training in first aid, have been invaluable.

I need not say that the companies have done everything in their power to provide for the comfort and refreshment of travelling soldiers and sailors or that they have been splendid subscribers to the War Loans or that they have generously supplemented the Government allowances to the dependents of their own employees who have joined up, or that, as large landowners, they have heartily seconded the national efforts to increase the production of food. One takes all that as a matter of course. But it is worth emphasizing that the British railways, the target in other years of much bitter and ignorant criticism, their efficiency questioned and their public-spiritedness denied, have, in this war, by a supreme effort of coöperation that has extended from top to bottom of the profession and among all the companies alike, rendered the nation and the national cause, at home and at the Front, inestimable services. It would be difficult to say to what body of men we owe more than to the railwaymen or whose claim on the gratitude and admiration of their countrymen could well exceed that of Sir Guy Granet and the members of the Railway Executive Committee.

Naturally, the railways have not been able to perform their overriding functions as an integral part of the war machine without a considerable derangement of the ordinary traffic schedules. Since the war began they have closed some 500 stations in Great Britain. They have discontinued more than that number of trains. Passenger fares have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been increased by fifty per cent in order to discourage travelling. Breakfast, luncheon, tea and dining cars have been almost universally discontinued. Excursion trains and cheap fare facilities, with but a few exceptions, were withdrawn before the war was eight months old. The reservation of seats and compartments, saloons for private parties, through coaches, the conveyance of motor-cars and carriages on passenger trains, the collection and delivery of travellers' luggage in advance, and many other conveniences of peace have been abandoned; and the amount of free luggage that a passenger may take with him is now limited to one hundred pounds. Many miles of track have been torn up and the ordinary time-tables and services have undergone a drastic and progressive curtailment, the purpose of all these restrictions and readjustments being to relieve congestion, to keep the way clear for military traffic, to promote economy, and to release as many men and as much equipment and rolling-stock as possible for the Front. With the simultaneous reduction in the supply of petrol and of available horses, there must today be parts of Great Britain where movement is hardly freer than it was one hundred and fifty years ago.

But what, above everything else, has enabled the railways to rise to the full height of the national crisis is the system on which, from the first moment of the war, they have been administered. Competition between the companies has utterly ceased. For the past forty months the British railways have been worked as a single interdependent system, with the facilities of each company at the service of them all. The agreement that was at once entered into with the State provided that all Government traffic should have priority and be carried free; that the Government should take all receipts from ordinary traffic, pay all operating expenses, and guarantee to the proprietors of the railways the same net revenue as they had earned in 1913. And, subject to minor adjustments, this agreement has been adhered to ever since. If, after the working expenses and the guaranteed net revenues of all the railways have been met, there is a surplus, the Government takes it. If there is a deficit, the Government finds the money to meet it.

The arrangement has probably been a good one both for the railways and the State, but there are no published figures that show in detail how it has worked. The speeches

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the companies' chairmen at the annual meetings, never very illuminating orations, have since the war been merely a tissue of amiable generalities. The companies' accounts have been issued only in skeleton form. The Board of Trade Returns have shrunk to a single page of meaningless totals. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for January of this year estimated that during the first five months of the war, when trade was bad, the Treasury must have had to meet a considerable deficit; that throughout 1915, when business was booming, the Government had the better of the bargain; but that the balance has again been shifted by the three rises in railwaymen's wages, and that "there can be little doubt that for the latter months of 1916, and thenceforward indefinitely for at least as long as the war lasts, the Treasury will have to meet a substantial deficit."

But even so, the financial results of the arrangement cannot be judged until we know the amount of Government traffic that has been carried free of charge and what the charges for it would have been at pre-war rates. Both sides so far appear to be well satisfied with things as they are. Mr. Bonar Law in December, 1916, assured the House of Commons that the State had made "a very good bargain," and that in spite of the successive bonuses, there was "every reason to believe there will be no financial loss, but probably some financial gain" as the result of the arrangement with the railways. The companies and the shareholders, for their part, seem equally pleased. They feel they have been fairly treated. With very few exceptions they have been enabled to maintain their 1913 dividends, and if some of them can reflect that they would have been a good deal better off without the agreement, others are equally conscious that it has saved them from something like collapse.

When the Government took over the control of the railways it left their management undisturbed. It vested their operation in an Executive Committee composed of the general managers of the thirteen principal lines, with the President of the Board of Trade as their official chairman, but with the acting chairman, who is one of the general managers, exercising the real power and direction. To the ordinary trader and passenger there is nothing to indicate that the most revolutionary change in the history of British railways, or, indeed, any change at all, has taken place. The companies retain their distinctive names; they are operated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the same general manager, with the same, though a smaller, staff as before; they hold the usual annual meetings and are apparently governed by the familiar Boards of Directors; the fact that the supreme control is really in the hands of the Executive Committee, whose function it is to insure that all the companies work together as a harmonious whole, and whose orders and recommendations have behind them the full power of the Government, is not a fact that is obtruded on the public. But the general managers of the different companies never have much chance of forgetting it. They can hardly have received since the war began much less than 1,000 circulars from the Executive Committee necessitating vast inquiries and rearrangements, ordering innovations here, suggesting the abandonment of customary practices there, covering and transforming pretty nearly all the multifarious details as well as the accepted principles of railway management. The Government decides what it wants done; the Executive Committee determine how it is to be done; the individual companies do it. There could scarcely be a smoother or more effective system of co-operation towards a common and comprehensive end.

It has become progressively clearer and clearer that the railways cannot, when the war is over, go back to their old positions and their old methods. Finance alone forbids it. The railwaymen have received in the past three years three successive additions of five shillings a week to their wages. They have been disguised under the name of war bonuses, but nobody that I know of expects them to disappear with the war. On the conclusion of peace the companies will find themselves faced with an increase of considerably over £20,000,000 a year in their wages bill. This sum exceeds by several millions the amount, some £17,000,000, paid out in 1913 as dividend on the Ordinary stock. But that is not all. The cost of material has risen by about sixty per cent, the increase is not likely to be scaled down for many years to come, and another huge item is thus added to the working expenses. Moreover, all the companies are behindhand with renewals and repairs; their goodwill, the creation of decades of assiduous labor, has been profoundly affected by a war that has played havoc with the normal channels of trade; some lines have been involuntarily advanced to a position of unwonted importance; others, through no fault of their own, have had to yield ground; and the State,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is responsible for these upheavals, cannot, when peace returns, wash its hands of the immense problems of reconstruction they will bequeath.

Were the Government to follow any such course, were it to terminate its contract on the conclusion of peace and to leave the railways to work out their own salvation, the result would be, first, that the companies as a whole would be hard put to it to pay any dividends at all on their Guaranteed and Preference stocks; secondly, that the dividends on the Ordinary stock, representing nearly £500,000,000 of paid-up capital, would be wiped out; and, thirdly, that the directors would all but inevitably be driven to raise their rates just at a time when the national chances of recovering from the devastation of the war and of competing successfully in international trade would largely depend on cheap transportation. The consequences of such a solution have only to be faced to put it out of court as impossible.

There remain, therefore, two alternatives. One is that the Government should itself acquire the railways by purchase and operate them as it operates the Post Office; in other words, that the railway system of the United Kingdom should be nationalized. The other is that some such plan as has been found admirably effective in time of war should be continued into the years of peace, and that in return for a financial guarantee the State should assume control of general railway policy, should insist on the companies being worked together as they are now being worked together, and should require the adoption of the reforms, the almost innumerable reforms, that the companies have too long resisted and that the pressure of the war has forced upon them. The choice will be between Government ownership and operation on the one hand, and a far more thoroughgoing and rational system of State regulation and control and of State responsibility on the other.

Of the two, nationalization is unquestionably the simpler solution. And just because of its simplicity those who have mastered the fallacy of the short cut in politics will incline to suspect it. The easy solution is usually the wrong solution; and nothing can be easier or apparently more final than to get rid of the problems propounded by the private ownership of the railways by abolishing private ownership altogether. There is a completeness in such a plan that appeals to the type of reformer who likes all his remedies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be annihilating, and who has not yet educated himself above the notion of a political cure-all. It is a plan, too, that a Government, confronted as ours will be in the days of reconstruction by a hundred gigantic questions, with no time to think anything out, and yet bound to do something, will naturally incline to.

And undoubtedly many interests will favor its adoption. People sometimes forget that by the Railways Act of 1844 Parliament, on giving three months' notice, already has the legal right to buy up all the British railways built after that date at twenty-five years' purchase of the average profits for the three years preceding the exercise of its powers. A considerable and variegated body of opinion would like to see those powers turned to the fullest account the moment the war is over. Many shareholders, for instance, would welcome it. They have seen an enormous shrinkage in the value of railway securities during the past twenty years; they have seen expenses mounting up without any corresponding increase of receipts; they have seen dividends diminish until they now represent a return of no more than 3½ per cent on the investment; they are well aware that the State purchase of private property in Great Britain rarely turns out to the disadvantage of the expropriated owner; and they would jump at a chance of exchanging their company certificates for State scrip on reasonable terms.

Nor would the railway managers and officials be likely to oppose the transaction. They must long since have recognized that along their present lines they are fighting an almost hopeless fight; that they have inherited a redundant and waterlogged system; that they will never again be able to raise money on the old easy terms; that the growth on the one hand of motor and tramway competition, of local taxation, of the cost of labor and raw material, and of Governmental insistence upon shorter hours, more provisions for safety, and cast-iron rates, and, on the other hand, the opposition that is always stirred up in and out of Parliament to any scheme of consolidation of interests among the companies which might offset some of the handicaps under which they are laboring, have gradually produced an impossible situation; and that as State officials, with a comfortable pension to look forward to, and able in the meanwhile to give all their time and thought to scientific railroading

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead of wasting much of their energy on squabbles with their employees, or groups of traders or factions in Parliament, their position would be at once freer and more satisfactory than it has been for the past two decades or is ever likely to be again.

Shippers in general would approve of nationalization in the confident hope that it would mean lower rates and even uniform rates, if not for all classes of freight, at least for the whole country. The public would be for it. On all such questions it has come to entertain a hazy presumption in favor of the State. It believes that there is a great deal of waste under the present system of company ownerships. It has a feeling that the labor problem would be more easily handled if the Government owned and operated the railways, and that the country would be less exposed to the menace of a general strike. It has heard of the profit of nearly £40,000,000 made in one year by the Prussian State railways, and it sees visions of a similar sum being devoted "to the relief of taxation." But by all odds the strongest influence that is propelling us towards nationalization is that of the railway employees. They count upon it as a sure stepping-stone towards higher wages or fewer hours, and most probably towards both desiderata simultaneously; and, being a compact electoral and Parliamentary force and an important wing of the Labor Party, which is more and more governing our politics, their views on the future of railway policy are likely to be decisive.

Now, there cannot be much doubt that nationalization or any scheme which brought the British railways under a single unified control would find an ample field for economy and improvements. No one pretends that the 250 different companies which work the 24,000 miles of line and the 56,000 miles of track in the United Kingdom are the last word in railway administration or that our transportation system is a model of what such a system should be. It grew up in the usual spasmodic, haphazard fashion of all private enterprises; it was overloaded from its infant days with abnormally heavy expenses for land, lawyers and material —no railways in the world carry such a burden of capital per mile of line as our own; it never evolved from its own ranks or encountered in Parliament any man with a real sense of railway statesmanship; it passed through one phase of wild-cat finance and another, and later a phase of cut-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throat competition; and it finds itself today weighed down by duplicating services, extravagant and extraneous undertakings, a faulty technique, the jealousies of Parliament, the restlessness of Labor, the importunity of traders, and a suspicious, if not a hostile, attitude of the public mind.

Assuredly in all this there is scope enough for enormous savings. The British railway managers in the past would seem to have committed two fundamental errors. First, instead of concentrating on their main business of furnishing cheap, safe and rapid transportation, they have branched out into a variety of side-shows, such as the collection and delivery of goods, hotels, steamers, docks, engine works, car and locomotive shops, and so on, and have thus involved themselves in great expenditure on the provision of facilities that are accessory, but not essential to their central functions as carriers. Secondly, they have handled their business in a retail and not a wholesale fashion. The full wagonload and the full trainload are of the essence of sound railway operation. But the curse, the fatal weakness, the irredeemable fault, of British railway operation has been half-loaded wagons and half-empty trains. The average American freight car carries a load of about 22 tons; the ordinary Prussian car of 12 tons is always loaded up to seventy-five per cent of its capacity; the British truck is supposed to hold 10 tons, but probably carries on an average somewhere less than three.

There is the root evil of our railway system. British managers in aiming at small consignments and rapid delivery have had to pile up an immense amount of rolling-stock that is practically never employed to anything like its full capacity, and have scattered traffic over the largest number of points instead of concentrating it at the fewest. Rates can never be as low in Great Britain as in America or France or Germany because of the comparative shortness of the haul. But they might be considerably lower than they are —and nothing else can effectively and permanently reduce them—if the full wagonload and the full trainload, such as we have today under pressure of the war, were to become the rule and not the exception of British railway practice. How little our managers have made these two essentials the object of their policy may be proved from the fact which Mr. W. M. Acworth has repeatedly emphasized that our British methods of railway accounting do not show what is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the average rate charged for carrying a passenger or a ton of goods a mile; what is the average weight of goods conveyed in a truck or in a train; or what is the volume of traffic carried over a given line.

I cannot see that nationalization is likely to advance the introduction of these two radical reforms, which would revolutionize the goods traffic and the passenger traffic of the kingdom. On the other hand, there is little chance of getting them introduced at all unless the supreme authority of the State in some form or other stands over the separate companies and insists upon their compliance and co-operation. Whether Governmental ownership and operation is the only method of bringing the companies into a working unison is precisely the point that has to be determined. The difficulties and the dangers of any such solution are grave and manifold. It would mean a vast issue of Government stock at a time when our national finances are already sufficiently precarious. It would bring the State with a rush into the field of private enterprise as hotel proprietor, engine builder, steamboat owner, and so on. It would throw back upon the ratepayers throughout the kingdom the amounts now contributed by the railway companies for local taxation; and there is no conceivable possibility that it would satisfy all the interests concerned or fulfil all the expectations that its advocates hold out. The State, in other words, even after reaping the benefits of a more centralized and therefore theoretically a more economical administration, will be as impotent as the companies themselves to reduce rates, increase facilities, shorten hours of labor, and raise wages at one and the same time.

As a matter of fact, foreign experience and one's own knowledge of the British character and of British institutions forbid one to be excessively optimistic as to the advantages of nationalization. It has meant abroad (1) the exalting of red tape, (2) abnormally large and ill-disciplined staffs, who are not allowed to form labor unions or to go out on strike, and who enjoy few or none of the privileges and supplementary benefits furnished by the British companies to their employees as a matter both of generosity and of justice; (3) a lack of initiative and responsibility among the heads of the various departments; (4) a standard of rolling-stock, train service and station building rather decidedly inferior to our own; (5) rates fixed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the arbitrary will of the administration and on a principle of uniformity that makes adjustment to particular conditions and requirements impossible; (6) a slower and less dependable transport of freight and very inadequate compensation for lost, damaged or delayed goods; (7) a startling enhancement of the ratio of expenditure for receipts, or else a severe limitation of the sums paid out in extensions and improvements; and (8) advancement and promotion determined by political "pull," and the whole administration of the roads and the whole course of railway policy saturated by politics.

There is no reason to think that we in Great Britain would be immune from the ill-effects of adding some 600,000 electors to the Government pay-roll or from the paralyzing influence which bureaucratic control seems everywhere to exercise on enterprise, invention, and the higher kinds of directing ability. On the other hand, it is a clear necessity of the situation that the State after the war should act far more helpfully and thoroughly than hitherto as a general superintendent of the British railways, with a financial stake in their prosperity. Our old system of State control from the outside has admittedly broken down. The alternative of State purchase and of State management is one that is as attractive to the unthinking as it is likely, in the special circumstances of Great Britain, to be disastrous in practice. Is there no scheme of State partnership that can be devised, one that will bring in the State as the majority stockholder in all the companies, that will place its decisive power at the service of the directors, that will enable it to exert the necessary influence to effect otherwise unobtainable reforms, that will give it a financial interest in the results, and that will thus combine Government direction and responsibility with private initiative and experience? Arrangements of this general character are not unknown, and have worked remarkably well in the case of minor public utilities such as gas and tramway undertakings. There is no intrinsic reason why some such plan, infinitely preferable to the bald solution of Government ownership and involving no great change in the present wartime relations between the companies and the State, should not be applied to the problem of the British railways.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VICE OF SECRET DIPLOMACY

BY A. MAURICE LOW

No greater contribution to political morality and national security has ever been made than that of the framers of the Constitution of the United States when they wrote the Sixth Article in these words:

"This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the land."

It was a blow struck at that mass of intrigue, deceit and dishonesty which for centuries the world had known as secret diplomacy, the most vicious, immoral and dangerous power seized by a ruler in defiance of the rights of his subjects. Diplomacy was the royal prerogative. It was one of the divine attributes of kings. They it was who made war, contracted alliances, bartered territory, sacrificed liberty for a whim or superstitious fear. Even when the people began to exert their power, to assert their right to some control over their own affairs, to raise taxes and to determine how they should be spent, the king was still the sole authority in foreign relations. Diplomacy was supposed to be beyond the comprehension of the common mortal. It had to be conducted with much mystery and always great secrecy. The people knew nothing until they were plunged into war because in the exercise of his royal prerogative their sovereign had made a secret alliance, and the nation was committed to a costly campaign involving great sacrifices.

The framers of the Constitution determined this should be impossible in America. When they wrote into the compact of the States that treaties should have the same force as laws, they deprived a weak, ambitious or unscrupulous President of the power to contract a secret alliance. A law

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be observed must be made public, for no man can know what the law is unless it has been published. As a treaty was placed on the same footing as the law and had the same force and effect as a law, like the law it must be made public for its terms to be respected.

We have seen within the last few years the evils of secret diplomacy, that is the power of sovereigns to enter into agreements without the knowledge or acquiescence of their subjects; and the history of Europe, from the time that its history first began to assume concrete form and diplomacy was established as a principle, is largely the record of this unrestrained power. It is responsible for the endless intrigue and cabal so dear to the Minister without conscience or willing to barter his honor for gain. The people, the victims of the system, who had to pay for it, were always in a state of fear, never knowing when they were next to be dragged into the army and forced to fight for a shadowy cause about which they were ignorant and cared nothing. Yet while the world has seen nothing so disastrous as secret diplomacy, it has seen nothing so foolish, more befitting the idle moments of schoolboys, than the serious work of statesmen to whom the world ascribes genius.

Every nation in turn has sought to secure advantage by means of a secret alliance, and every treaty of alliance solemnly entered into, declaring on the faith of kings that it would be loyally observed, invoking the name of the Most High or the Trinity, in the stilted language of diplomacy as witness to the sincerity of the high contracting parties, has been merely a scrap of paper, made for the advantage of the moment and broken without a qualm of conscience when a greater advantage was to be obtained. That is the stupendous folly of this diplomacy. Similar to the Bourbons who learned nothing and forgot nothing, the necromancers who practised the black art of secret diplomacy forgot everything and profited nothing by experience, otherwise how can one explain that king succeeded king, and minister followed minister, and yet this wretched farce went on, not for a period, not for years, but for centuries, and the tradition has been handed down to our own times; for have we not seen the Autocrat of Prussia and the Autocrat of all the Russias writing to each other in the language of schoolboys and secretly intriguing against the peace of their neighbors?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bismarck, the most cynical but also the most astute man of his times, defended his immorality by asserting that when he entered into a secret agreement intended to nullify a public convention he was simply taking out a policy of reinsurance. The phrase was his, but the principle was as old as diplomacy itself, and as mistaken. Instead of the secret treaty being a policy of reinsurance, that is a measure of protection, it was, on the contrary, always a measure of danger. Sovereigns were too well versed in the dishonesty of kings to put faith in the royal promise, and while treaties might be kept secret from their subjects they became known to the governments against whom they were directed, who on their part took out a policy of reinsurance against the treachery of a nominal ally by making a counter alliance. That has been one of the evils of the vice of secret diplomacy. It has never protected, it has never prevented war, it has never curbed the ambition of a conscienceless ruler, but it has provoked other and more dangerous combinations, and the allies confident of their strength have treacherously forced war or struck at the security of nations at peace.

It would require too much space merely to catalogue the long list of secret alliances and their consequences, but a few taken at random may be offered to show they never exercised the slightest restraint upon their signatories, and they were shamelessly broken almost as soon as they were concluded.

In 1516 Henry VIII of England entered into negotiations with Charles V of Spain directed against Francis I of France, whereupon Charles made a secret treaty with Francis. Later when both were rivals they sought the support of the King of England, and both bribed his chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey.

In 1668 England and the Netherlands made a secret treaty to force Louis XIV of France to make peace with Spain, but he heard the news with indifference. The forehanded Louis had already made a secret treaty with the Emperor of Austria by which they were to divide the Spanish dominions on the death of the then king.

Charles II of England, who was chronically hard up, secretly sold Dunkirk to France.

Richelieu was always making and breaking secret agreements.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The secret family compact of the Bourbons, France and Spain, in 1733, was one of the causes of the French and English war in America.

Napoleon detached Russia from the Allied cause and made her an enemy of England by the treaty of Tilsit. That treaty was made public, but the terms of a secret agreement made at the same time were kept secret.

In 1815, after Napoleon had been banished to Elba, the Allies met in Congress at Vienna to readjust the map, France having a voice. While the Congress was sitting England, France and Austria entered into a secret treaty directed against Russia and Prussia, their putative allies. The secret was so little a secret that the Czar knew of it immediately after the treaty was signed.

Napoleon III, walking in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle, secretly proposed to Bismarck that France should be given Belgium and Luxemburg as the price of his friendship to the new German Confederation.

In the discussion of secret diplomacy a confusion exists between negotiation and consummation. Secret negotiation is not only proper, but, in many cases, absolutely essential; it is so necessary that if negotiations were not kept secret few treaties could be concluded and the negotiators would always be hampered. If the political or commercial interests of the United States require it to obtain a strip of territory to construct a canal, or a group of islands having strategic value, it would be unwise in the extreme for the United States publicly to proclaim what it was after. It might get it, but it would be forced to pay an extravagant price, it might even fail because of the opposition of a rival. The essence of a good bargain—and a treaty, it must always be remembered, is only another name for a bargain—is secrecy and a certain skill in affecting indifference.

Secrecy, therefore, in the early stages of negotiation is perfectly proper and was so recognized by the men who made the Constitution, and they were good judges of how far it was wise to entrust authority. In explanation of the power given to the President to negotiate treaties, but not to conclude them, Jay wrote:

"It seldom happens in the negotiation of treaties, of whatever nature, but that perfect *secrecy* and immediate *dispatch* are sometimes requisite. There are cases where the most useful intelligence may be obtained, if the persons pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sessing it can be relieved from the apprehension of discovery." He adds "there are many persons who would rely on the secrecy of the President, but who would not confide in that of the Senate," therefore, "the convention has done well" in so arranging that although the President must act by the advice and consent of the Senate, "yet he will be able to manage the business of intelligence in such a manner as prudence may suggest."

This is an arrangement as nearly perfect as human intelligence can devise. It combines the prime requisites of secrecy in negotiation, which is all essential; counsel after the negotiations have been concluded, and publicity when the Council of State, the Senate, has assented. The United States is the one great nation that has written into its Constitution the equality of laws and treaties, but the example set by the United States, its morality and advantages, is beginning to make the peoples of other countries ask whether it would not be wiser for them to have a share in the making of treaties instead of surrendering their authority to a few persons: the sovereign in an autocratic government; in a democratic monarchy, as in England, where by a legal fiction the treaty runs in the name of the king, actually it is the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, the real Government of England, that negotiates and concludes.

Recently Mr. Balfour, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, found it necessary to attempt to stem the growing demand for the democratization of European diplomacy. "I think there is in the public mind a profound illusion as to this so-called secret diplomacy," he told the House of Commons. Governments, he said, could no more conduct their affairs in the open than individuals reveal their domestic difficulties, so the business of diplomacy had to be conducted in secret, and the less light that was let in on "the mysterious intricacies of foreign diplomacy," the better it was for the peace of mind of all concerned. A member suggested that the creation of a Parliamentary Foreign Relations Committee, to have practically the same functions as those of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, would be an improvement. Mr. Balfour did not agree with him. The present system worked well enough, and "to reveal from day to day what is ultimately revealed with all due precaution in the Blue Book would really be insanity."

No sane man proposes that the day to day conversa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions between the Minister and an Ambassador shall be revealed, but between that reticence and the unlimited power to commit the nation to a policy that involves thousands of lives and millions of treasure is quite another thing. What was the arrangement existing between Germany and Austria in the closing days of July, 1914? No one knew, for that was a secret between the two Emperors. How far was Germany prepared to go in the support of Austria in reducing Serbia to terms? Again that question remained unanswered, because while the two Emperors knew their subjects did not. What understanding existed between England and France? The British people did not know, the British Parliament did not know, neither the German Emperor nor the Austrian Emperor knew. Sir Edward Grey, the then Foreign Secretary, converted a somewhat loose entente, the terms of which even to this day no one knows, into a formal alliance, and then went down to the House of Commons and told what he had done. Parliament naturally had to stand behind the Government, what other course was possible?, but it simply ratified an executive act, after the act was committed, instead of delegating to the Executive authority to act, as the American Congress does, thanks to the foresight of the Fathers.

"Diplomacy with its shoes of felt" clings to secrecy because even in an age of progress diplomacy remains faithful to tradition. It resists innovation, and it stands triumphant as the one perfect institution devised by the perverted ingenuity of man. The professional diplomatic service of Europe is a trade union, very jealous of its membership, but, similar to other trade unions, while the members quarrel and intrigue against each other, they are always ready to forget their differences when in danger from outside attack. A Foreign Minister may know of the incompetence of his Ambassador, but the code of professional ethics and loyalty to the trade union stay his dismissal, because that would be a reflection upon the service. The interests of a nation may be put in jeopardy, but the feelings of a diplomat must never be hurt.

In the speech I have quoted Mr. Balfour said the business of a diplomat "is entirely directed not to making quarrels, but to healing quarrels; not to creating difficulty but to preventing difficulty; not to provoking war but to stopping war"; but when a member of the House of Com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mons suggested that if the House had been taken into the confidence of the Government, the war would not have burst upon the country as an unexpected thunderbolt, Mr. Balfour said, "I do not believe that the Government, in June, 1914, had the slightest notion that there was any danger ahead." It was a cynic who described a doctor as saying to a patient, "I haven't as yet made the diagnosis, but do not alarm yourself needlessly, for we will be able to discover everything at the autopsy"; and Mr. Balfour's admission that sixty days before the greatest war the world has known the British Government had no suspicion of what was coming, suggests the happy indifference of the physician, who atones for his lack of diagnostic skill by his ability in making the post mortem, which satisfies the laudable curiosity of the practitioner but does not exactly compensate the patient. If it were not for the coroner fewer medical mistakes would go unrecognized, and the diplomat, shrouded from public gaze, can blunder until war or history, usually written long after the event, reveals his ineptitude, and then it is too late for the damage to be repaired. Lord Salisbury traded Heligoland for a shadowy German claim in Africa. Imagine the amiable Mr. Bryan, with his deep love of humanity and his horror of war, by virtue of his office as Secretary of State, offering to Germany Key West in consideration of Germany signing an arbitration treaty, convinced that Key West was of little value to the United States but its transfer to Germany would forever render impossible any danger of war between Germany and the United States, and then when the treaty was duly sealed, signed and delivered calmly announcing to the country his latest diplomatic triumph!

That brilliant Frenchman, André Chéradame, says:

> The typical professional diplomat lives in a world of his own. Either his information comes from the office or it is second-hand; it rarely is reached by direct observation of people or facts. The secretaries of the Embassies divide their time between office work, copying documents in copper plate hand, or social functions, pleasant enough but confined to a particular and narrow set. Few of the secretaries know the language of the country in which they reside, fewer still travel in the interior of the land in order to study it.

It is necessary, he adds, to dispel the false notion the man in the street has of diplomacy. He fondly thinks that diplomats, while preparing clever and mysterious combina-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions, fashion history, but experience shows that they merely chronicle history and do not make it; "diplomats are history's attorneys," is his epigrammatic description. "Unfortunately," he points out, "it does not seem that fortune has endowed any of our Allied countries, either before or since the war, with a head capable of leading, on grand lines, the diplomatic affairs of the Entente. The latter therefore has been only served by those diplomats who are mere officials, and who as such await instructions from higher quarters, and these instructions are very often found wanting."

No one, I think, will question the fairness of these observations. This war has torn away a lot of the tarnished trappings of conventional civilization, but nothing stands so thoroughly discredited as professional diplomacy, "folly in a coat that looks like sagacity." Between the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia twenty-five days elapsed. In those twenty-five days the world's fate was being decided, yet not a single Entente Ambassador nor a single Minister for Foreign Affairs had the slightest knowledge of what was going on, and so little was the gravity of the crisis appreciated that at the time of the delivery of the ultimatum some of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers were away from their posts on holiday. In London, Paris, Rome, and elsewhere Excellencies, with high sounding titles and numerous decorations, sat, in Crabbe's phrase, "dexterously writing despatches, and having the honor to be," but knowing nothing; blind themselves blissfully leading the blind, and looking forward with certitude to their invaluable services being rewarded with another Grand Cordon. The diplomacy developed by the war, and the diplomats who have made reputations, are those of the United States, which an Englishman may say without being accused of undue partiality. Gerard, Herrick, Francis, Van Dyke, Brand Whitlock, Maurice Egan, Penfield, and the two Pages, with no professional training and only the most perfunctory instruction, lawyers, bankers, men of letters, passing from their customary vocations to their new posts, have done extraordinarily well; in trying situations they have kept their heads and shown the same shrewdness, grasp of affairs and quick comprehension that won them their place in law, commerce and literature.

"The American Ambassador," a London newspaper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recently remarked, " owns none of that rather absurd diplomatic sentiment which sets the Diplomatic Service in a class apart; he has no superstitious awe of Chancelleries; and the portentous words Ballplatz and Wilhelmstrasse, Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street, which were used as a kind of incantation by the older school of professors of international politics, simply bore him. He wears neither star nor any other decoration. When he has something to say, he says it in plain United States." The newspaper quoted is the London *Morning Post,* the leading conservative journal of England, and a supporter and defender of the established order rather than an admirer of experiment. When it recognizes the absurdity of the frippery of modern diplomacy, or the sorry figure cut by Excellencies " who have the honor to be," and is impressed by the straightforwardness and directness of the American Ambassador speaking "in plain United States," there is hope that Europe will sweep out a ridiculous institution and the world will be freed from the " seething diplomacies and monstrous mendacities, horribly wicked and despicably unwise," in the language of Carlyle, who never minced his words.

European diplomacy is a survival for which there is little justification at the present time. It is an attempt to link the stage coach with the telephone, an unworkable combination; and it is about as sensible as it would be were our khaki clad girls to drive an ambulance in the crinolines of their Victorian grandmothers. Three or four hundred years ago the Ambassador really was the personal representative of his sovereign, in Sir Henry Wotton's classical phrase he was " an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country "; and it was a seventeenth century commentator who advised that no matter what his religion, it was an Ambassador's duty to invent falsehoods and to go about making society believe them. In short, as Paschalius suggested, while an Ambassador should study to speak the truth, he was not debarred from the " official lie," and, on occasion, he should be *splendide mendax.* He was naturally deep in the confidence of his king, he was compelled to act almost entirely on his own judgment and initiative, because communication was slow and uncertain, and the great game in which sovereigns were engaged could be so easily upset by an Ambassador more adroit, whose wits were more nimble or who was more unscrupulous, who knew the right minister

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bribe or the woman to make love to; and it was an Empress of Russia who advised Frederick of Prussia to replace his elderly Ambassador with a young and handsome man having a good complexion. In those days youth, looks and a good complexion counted for much, and if in addition the royal representative was rich, a grand seigneur, able to turn a neat phrase, well versed in the classics, careful in his religious observances and yet sufficiently immoral to excite a flutter in the breasts of dowagers and anticipation in the hearts of the reigning beauties, then this Admirable Crichton would be a success as an Ambassador and either win for his master an empire or lose him his crown.

But we have changed all that, and the pulchritude of an Ambassador is no longer considered when he is about to be appointed, nor is it necessary that his complexion shall be the envy of a boarding school miss. He need not necessarily be old, but he will certainly not be young, for wisdom and not fascination is his recommendation, and yet how terribly unwise so many Ambassadors have proved themselves to be. He still remains that fictional character the personal representative of royalty, actually he is the agent of the Foreign Office, which keeps a very tight rein on him. In modern times, no Ambassador has latitude of action or is given a free hand, and every move he makes must be immediately reported to the Foreign Office.

In a period of profound peace, when the most cordial relations exist between two countries, it becomes necessary to adjust a minor shipping or trade matter, which has to be done by treaty. The Minister for Foreign Affairs makes the suggestion to the Ambassador, who undertakes to communicate with his Government, because that is the extent of his authority. He has no power to agree to anything, not even by inference. If the Minister for Foreign Affairs consents, he gives the Ambassador authority to enter into negotiations, and indicates the line to be followed. The negotiations proceed smoothly and a draft is prepared, which is submitted to the Foreign Office, where it is subjected to rigid scrutiny, passed upon by legal and other experts, perhaps a few changes made in form or phraseology. If the other side is willing to accept the changes the Ambassador must notify the Foreign Office; if counter proposals are made, even although they are trivial and do not affect the substance, the Ambassador must ask instructions. An

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreement having been reached the treaty is written on parchment in both languages in parallel columns, and even in an Anglo-American treaty the same form is observed, because of the difference in spelling certain words in England and America. Still the Ambassador can not sign until he has received specific authority and has exhibited to the Minister for Foreign Affairs what is technically known as "full powers," but really is the national power of attorney.

This is the routine followed in the most trivial negotiation. This close supervision, a supervision that would suggest the Foreign Minister has no confidence in his Ambassador, and dare not accord him the discretion the ordinary man gives his agent, is met by the paradox of the almost unlimited importance attached to the opinions, impressions and deductions of the Ambassador. Few Foreign Ministers have more than a superficial acquaintance of foreign countries, most of them know absolutely nothing of their people, their institutions or their politics. The Foreign Minister therefore is compelled to rely on the Ambassador, who, often ignorant of the language of the country, unable to read the vernacular press, because of his exalted position debarred from mixing freely with the people, and living in a narrow circle whose members are only too frequently misrepresentative of public opinion, is supposed to be able to keep his Foreign Minister correctly informed of the state of affairs, the currents of politics and the national sentiment. Is it any wonder that diplomats, now that we are getting some insight into their confidential correspondence, should have so woefully misled their Governments or proved how little they really understood the people to whom they were accredited? Yet so implacable is the diplomatic tradition, so firmly convinced is every Foreign Office in its own inerrancy, that the same Foreign Minister who will not trust his Ambassador to sign a petty treaty without the closest scrutiny, simply because custom does not ordain it, will unhesitatingly accept the information conveyed to him by the same Ambassador which may influence a policy leading to war.

Some time, one hopes that time may be near but dreads to think it may yet be far, but some time the greatest war mankind has known must be brought to a close by the signatures of the plenipotentiaries to the most momentous treaty of peace in the world's history. That treaty will, it can be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

safely assumed, contain many radical and startling articles as befitting the climax to the titanic struggle, and may not America again serve the world by ridding it of secret diplomacy? By insisting that there shall be written in the treaty an article that in every country treaties shall like laws constitute the supreme law of the land, and must be ratified by Parliaments, the immorality of the secret agreement would no longer be possible. It would appeal to the democracies of England, France, Italy and Russia, and it would be championed by the enlightened republics of South America, whose constitutions have been so closely modelled on that of the United States. It would do more to keep the world safe for democracy than any one other thing. It would be a greater protection against a repetition of the horrors of the last three years than paper disarmaments, theoretical freedom of the seas, leagues of peace, or economic alliances. It would not bring Utopia, but it would make diplomacy honest, straightforward, clean; it would make almost impossible the chicanery, fraud, intrigue that for centuries have deluged Europe in blood and brought misery to its people, and there would be little further opportunity for a Hohenzollern or a Hapsburg, a Ferdinand or a Constantine, to make alliances for war unless with the authority and consent of their subjects.

A. Maurice Low.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

BY ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

TOWARD the close of a sombre afternoon, in rain and mist, I stood before the *Estaminet de Commerce* in the city of Lillers. The melancholy autumn season had come, and the spectre of approaching winter in the trenches loomed before us.

It was a mournful throng of soldiers and civilians that stood there waiting and silently shivering, or stamping wet feet on the *pavé* of the Grand Place. The spirit of the throng, and the funereal aspect of the day itself, were sadly in keeping with the occasion which had brought us together.

Through the Grand Place with arms reversed, to the wailing music of the Dead March from *Saul,* came a column of marching troops. Over the *pavé* rattled a gun-carriage, bearing a box entwined with the Union Jack. Lieutenant-General Sir Thomson Capper was being borne to his grave. The far-famed and gallant General of the Iron Division had fallen two days before in the awful fighting at Loos, and now his comrades were giving him the soldier's last farewell.

Many times I had encountered the Seventh or Iron Division. Sir Thomson Capper was a name to conjure with along the western front. Only a short time before one of his own Northumberland Hussars had held forth to me on the deeds of the Iron Division, from their belated arrival at Antwerp, to their historic stand at Ypres. "And it's all because of our General, it is," declared the trooper. "He's the fightin'est General on the line."

On Sunday afternoon Sir Thomson Capper stood directing his men in a frightful and bloody encounter. This was nothing new to him, or to his Iron Division. Ever since the autumn of 1914, they had been winning their name by ceaseless fightings in such battles. On that fateful Sunday

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afternoon General Capper was shot through the lungs. He was carried to the rear, and died in hospital next day. "We are here to do the impossible," was the fiery watchword which he left with his troops.

And now on that Tuesday evening in September, all that was mortal of our "fightin'est General" went by on a gun-carriage. His career of lustre and renown was ended. The keeping up of the resplendent glories of the Iron Division had fallen into other hands. As the cortege passed the place where we were standing, our irregular shifting mass suddenly became rigid as every soldier came to the salute, a salute that bespoke the soldier's deepest feeling.

Half an hour after the General's funeral, I saw many of the faces lately darkened by sorrow again radiant and fair. Whatever clouds might be without, true soldiers never suffer them long within.

Last night was a restless and tumultuous one. This evening there is a momentary lull. It is the lull in the storm. The nerves are tensely waiting for the thunders that shall break again, and meanwhile in that gay foregathering of the *Estaminet de Commerce* there is no place for sad repining.

At home in the good old world of peace, we speak of the Angel of Death. His rare but tragic visitations are cataclysms in our home. "Over There" it is no longer the Angel of Death. We must say Angels of Death, "Over There," for they fly in legions. One is ever dwelling beneath the shadow of their withering wings. On the right and left comrades are always falling, until what was cataclysmic in our homes becomes incidental in our trenches.

A loud rapping is heard from without, and in explosive notes of alarm a voice cries forth, "S O S! Battery action!" Up under the scintillant flare of the star-shells there is a sudden burst of hectic light and a muffled roar. Up there beneath that flare some of our boys are dying, and others in frantic tones cry forth for us to save them. We read their cries in trailing rockets through the night. "Forgetting the things which are behind," we, the servants-of-the-guns, must leap to action and give back our thunders in answer to that cry.

Now and again, as I have moved up and down behind the various portions of our line, in France or Flanders, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have paused for contemplation in one of our great and ever-growing cemeteries. Everywhere behind the lines one encounters these tragic yet soul-enkindling plots of ground, that have been forever hallowed by the bones of our brave.

Who can regard the grave of a man who died for his country without experiencing emotions that lie too deep for words? On such spots one enters into the inner meaning of the sacrifice of Calvary. "For what greater thing can a man do than to lay down his life for a friend?"

In front of Westminster Abbey there is a column erected to the dead heroes of Westminster School. Many a time as a lad I have stood in front of that column, and read in solemn silence its inscription:

> To those Boys educated at Westminster School, who died in the Russian and Indian Wars, Anno Domini 1854 to 1857, some in early youth, some full of years and honor, some on the field of battle, some from wounds and sickness, but who all alike gave their lives for their country.
>
> This column is erected by their old school fellows, at Westminster School, with the hope that it may inspire in their successors the same courage and self-devotion.

On the reverse side of the column I read the long list of names, from Field Marshal Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, to the youngest cornet and middy who had died. From the school Quadrangle came the merry laughter of Westminster boys at play, and standing there, there came upon my soul the first dawning of that sacrifice which soldiers make when they lay down their lives for their country.

During the armistice between the first and second Balkan War I was in Egypt. Traveling one day across the desert, I alighted at a station called Tel-el-Kebir. Here Wolseley won his victory over Arabi in 1882. On the January day of 1913 I found a single building, serving as a railroad station, and beside it a cemetery, with its rows of crosses drawn up in as orderly a fashion as a company on parade.

I entered the cemetery, and the first name I read was that of Lachlan MacTavish of a certain Scottish regiment. The burr of his Highland name sounded like the rush of a mountain tairn in his far-off Highland home. For the moment I seemed to feel the freshness from the moorlands

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the heather, then my eye caught the pathetic little cross that stood amidst the shifting of the desert sands. There as never before I realized the sacrifice of those who laid down their lives on a foreign soil in the service of their flag.

A yet profounder realization of this sacrifice was borne upon me one evening in June, 1915. That night I entered the trenches beyond Givenchy town for the first time.

At twilight I turned in from the La Basse Canal, crossed a field to the main street of Givenchy, and proceeded down into the town. The place was completely abandoned, and had been badly ruined by shell-fire. In that twilight hour the streets were full of haunted houses, instinct with ghosts and memories. A solitary dog leaping across a wrecked bridge, that hung by a single trestle, appeared like a ghoulish creature. I was oppressed by these haunting shadows in what had once been Givenchy homes, far more than I was by the frequent note of shells passing over the town. In one quaint house, whose wall had been crashed in, I saw a little cradle; what eloquence of tragedy was there!

In a saddened mood I approached the distillery. In one of the houses opposite, a grand piano still remained intact. The Fifth Royal Highlanders of Canada were coming out of the trenches that night. The first company was already out, and one of their musicians was playing *To You, Beautiful Lady in Pink,* upon the inharmonious and strident instrument. Up and down in the rooms of the adjacent houses the Highlanders were cake-walking, some with their packs still on their backs. The bursting of several shells in a side street only served to accentuate the comedy of the scene. Whatever else happened, this battalion was going out, so the musician pounded the keys in ecstasy and the boys cake-walked with equal glee.

Through the shadowy distillery I wended my way with a higher spirit from the contagious merriment of the Highlanders. Beyond the distillery was another open field, and a farm-yard with the buildings long since razed to the ground. Hardly a stone was left standing in this spot. The enemy's shells had surely reaped good harvest here. Beside the ruined farm was the witness of a still sadder harvest. A cemetery with its row on row of little wooden crosses stretched out toward the communicating trenches. The night was falling fast, and there in the gathering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gloom I waited for over an hour for the last company coming in. In the darkness I was especially touched by the meaning of those little crosses. In fitful light beneath the star-shells, these crosses loomed before me in momentary flashes, then faded in the night.

How profound was the peace that lingered round that spot! In front of me I could see the white glare that marked the firing line, from whence came now and then the rattle of musketry, the popping of machine-guns, or the krump of bursting shells. Behind me in Givenchy town the artist was still performing on the grand piano. *The Pink Lady* was the limit of his repertoire, but the Irrepressibles still danced on. Between the grim firing line on the one hand and the revelry of the Highlanders on the other, stretched those little wooden crosses. In their quiet plot the Brave slept well that night, for they had done their duty.

Their work was finished, and well might they sleep on, knowing that those comrades whom they left behind would carry on in their stead, and that even as they, their comrades behind would be faithful unto death.

From our line the rattle of rifles told me that England was busy, and that our troops up there were keeping their faith with their pals who had died.

"I've copped it, mate, swat 'em one for me," were the dying words of a game little Cockney.

"Go about your duty," was the last speech of the stricken Colonel MacLean of the Sixth Gordons, to those who paused in the fighting to attend to him.

What all these dead required was that the living should fight on, and thus keep faith with them. Up and down that bivouac of the dead I seemed to feel their unseen Sentry walking. Where they had pitched their silent tents, they too had set their silent picket. That night, above those shadowy graves, the Sentry of the Dead paused and listened. From the line came the sound of fighting. From behind came the voice of revelry and song. And this was as it should be. Not in repining, but in gladness, must the soldier spend his resting hours. Soon perchance that Highlander who was pounding out *The Pink Lady,* and all his jolly dancers, would join these dead in their narrow beds. But there they were playing their part as true soldiers.

I seemed to hear the Sentry of the Dead cry out that night, "All's Well!—All's Well!" The Brave might sleep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their sleep in peace, because their comrades behind were doing their duty.

In France one encounters soldiers' graves in all kinds of unlikely places. Right in the Front Line trenches, before Hill 60, there was a little wooden cross with the name of a French soldier painted on it. The soldier fell away back in the first months of the war, when everything was fluid and the tide of war was shifting back and forth. Soon after that our lines locked and froze, and ever since he has been sleeping in that frightful place known as Our Front.

For months that little cross had stood there, while landmarks all about had been wiped out, while the tower of the Cloth Hall had been pulverized, and the Verbranden Windmill splintered to kindling-wood. I have often paused up there on the Front Line, after a nasty strafe from Fritz, and regarded with awe that immortal wooden cross. With parapets crumped in in many places, and the ground about pocked with shell-holes, amid all this wild havoc, the simple memorial to the dead French soldier seemed to bear a charm.

At home we have a cemetery in a place of rustic peace, on a secluded hillside, looking down upon the harbor where the ships go out to sea. There in their snug haven the dead forget their storms. But under the wooden cross, up there in the Front Line trench, the fallen French soldier slept just as soundly as they. Mines might be sprung around his grave, and months of storms and thunders roll across his resting-place, but the inviolate cross remained, an emblem of his peace unbroken.

One day on the Somme, while moving over a fresh battlefield, looking for a new position for our guns, I chanced upon the grave of a Corporal of the East Surrey Regiment. He had been hastily buried, just where he fell upon the field of battle. There had been no time for ceremony or for the planting of a cross. His rifle had been thrust into the ground to mark the grave, and his soldier's cap was placed upon the mound of turf to serve as a memorial. That little weatherbeaten khaki cap was unobserved by many, but to those who saw, it was a memorial as eloquent as costly marble. As I bent over to examine the grave, I saw a shingle, on which some rough hand had scribbled a short text with an indelible pencil. The rains had washed blue streaks across the writing. One could just decipher the text. It was: "Thou art forever with the Lord."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rough soldier's epitaph brought to mind a visit which I had made to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. There on the tomb of a baby girl, I read in Greek, "Dearest Cleo, sweetest child, thou art forever with the Lord."

To encounter such evidences of faith on the battlefield of the Somme, or in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, was to feel instinctively that there at last was the real thing. Matters of faith were dark enough on the Somme, but to read the hope of that Tommy was like the bursting forth from darkness of some serene and shining star.

I was in the Ypres salient in April, 1915, and back there again in the spring of 1916. That bloody and awful salient is a vast graveyard of Canada's fairest and best.

A young Canadian officer, who was a comrade of mine, told me how that in the summer of 1913 he left the City of Ypres, a cameo of priceless beauty, with the splendor of its Cloth Hall and its Cathedral and its guilds, and took the tram-line out to Kruystraesthenk Corner. Alighting there, he and his sister crossed the fields where the daisies and anemones were growing, and regaled themselves in the wondrous charm of that Flemish landscape. Now on those same fields that officer is sleeping, and in summers to come the flowers that spring up there shall wave about his grave.

On fine mornings in June, as I have been coming in or going out from our battery position, I have passed through the grounds of Bedford House, a Belgian chateau, and I have marveled at what must have been the exceeding beauty of that place in times of peace. A wistful loveliness still lingers round the ruins. If in the past light hearts have journeyed there for scenes of beauty, in years to come a host of deeper hearts will journey there as to a shrine.

If where an Englishman is buried on a foreign soil is called "a little bit of England," then we may call the Ypres salient a mighty bit of Canada. If anyone were to inquire what is the most important city of Canada, we might answer unhesitatingly, "The City of Ypres." The hosts of our young men who have fallen in battles round that city have hallowed the name for all Canadian hearts, and rendered the place ours in the deepest sense.

Montreal, and Halifax, and Vancouver are among our lesser cities, but Ypres, where so many of our Brave are buried, shall remain for us the city of our everlasting possessions. In years to come, the touchstone for the Maple

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leaf will not be "Queenstown's Heights and Lundy's Lane," but "Ypres and Lagemark."

I stood one night on a certain hill that commands the firing-line in an almost boundless panorama. Beside me was an officer of the Second Canadian Division, who had just come out. There that night, by its white trail of iridescent light, we could trace the course of the firing-line for many miles through France and Flanders.

Just to our left the line of light jutted far out, like a lone cape into the sea. "What is that jutting-out place?" my friend inquired.

"That," I answered, "is the Ypres salient, the bloody angle of the British line."

To mention the name of Ypres is to have one's memory awakened with a veritable kaleidoscope of pictures. That trail of light that jutted out into the night looked like a cape, and an iron cape it has been through months and years of war. But the holding of that cape has been at an awful cost, and there was not an inch along that trailing line of light that had not cost its trailing line of blood.

Just after the first gas attack in April, 1915, the whole countryside was in a panic. The roads were filled with civilians in alarm, fleeing down country, and with limbers and marching troops hastening up. I was passing through the town of Vlamerthigne, which is situated two miles beyond Ypres. In a field at the side of the road I saw a funeral party. It consisted of several pioneers, serving as grave-diggers, a gray-headed Scottish Major, and a Corporal's Guard to act as firing-party.

I learned that this inconspicuous group were burying the last original officer of a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders. The dead officer was a young subaltern, and the gray-haired old Major was his father, who had come from another regiment to attend the funeral of his son.

As they were lowering the body, wrapped in a gray blanket, into a grave, the old Major remonstrated: "No, not there, not there! He fought with his men in life, and he shall be buried with them in death."

So, over in a great deep trench, where a number of the rank and file of the fallen Camerons were already laid, the body of their dead subaltern was placed. As I saw the officer and his men of the bonnie Highland regiment thus laid to rest together, I thought of the requiem of Saul and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David: "They were beautiful in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

As the rifles rang out in a volley for the last farewell, a passing squadron of the Bengal Lancers, crack cavalry from the Khyber Pass, halted suddenly and came to the salute. Thus troopers from the Highlands of India paid their last respects to a fallen comrade from the Highlands of Scotland.

I was out of the trenches in hospital at the time that my dearest friend in France was killed. On first returning to the Front, I did not have the courage to visit his grave. I sent some of my men to plant flowers there, and after a time I went myself. That was my most poignant moment in France.

The flowers had sprung up and were blooming on his grave, and a little white cross stood there with the name of my beloved pal upon it. Near by stood another cross, bearing the name of his brother. I thought of what they two had done for their country, and of what their widowed mother had given, and beside those two white crosses, all that we living ones call sacrifice seemed to grow pale and fade into insignificance.

Verbranden Moulin, Hill 60, and Mount Sorrel are three hills to the left of Ypres. For Flanders in the summer of 1914 they were points in a landscape of beauty. For Canada today they are triple landmarks of glory and sorrow.

One morning in August, 1916, our Brigade of Artillery said "goodbye" to "Wipers." With mingled feelings I turned back in my saddle, and gazed long and intently at the tragic place that had cost us so much of our precious blood. The towers of the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral were in ruins. The high steeple of the Poperinghe church still stood. I was glad to bid these landmarks all goodbye, but in those fields and hills beyond I left my heart with many a fallen comrade. Often since my heart has journeyed back there to those same tragic fields in which they sleep. But I know that they are sleeping well, in the repose of those whose work is nobly done.

I think that some of our American allies, who are new to the sacrifice of this war, have not yet entered into its deeper and hidden meaning. As the long lists of inevitable American casualties appear in the newspapers, we must not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get into a panic of the soul, we must not pity the men who have fallen. They need no pity, and could they speak they would repudiate such maudlin sentiment. If the fallen Brave could talk to us, we know that it would be to tell us to envy them, and not to pity them, because their lives have found so glorious an ending.

Idealism wanes in prosperity and waxes in adversity. England has become a new England out of the adversities of this war, and in the same struggle a new America will be born.

I met a certain woman at dinner not long ago, a representative of that prosperous type of female referred to by the prophet Amos as the "Kine of Bashan." She waved her hands and deplored the fact that "poor dear General Pershing had to go to France!"

I said to her, "Madam, what are soldiers for?"

She replied, "Oh yes, but we may lose him."

I answered, "Did your country lose Stonewall Jackson when he died gloriously fighting at Chancellorsville? Did you lose any of your brave who have died for their country?"

Corporal Fisher was a college boy in Canada in the spring of 1914. In the spring of 1915 he was the bastion of the British line at Ypres. Only a schoolboy yesterday, but today, with the gray waves of Germans rolling towards him, he and his machine-gun were the rock on which the whole line held or broke.

Corporal Fisher was young in years, but he stuck to his post of duty, and died in the fullness of honor. In time to come schoolboys of our great Dominion will hear how Corporal Fisher won the Victoria Cross in his passing. His career so short, and yet so bright, will remain one of Canada's shining and everlasting possessions.

America is tiptoeing along the threshold of such new possessions. A galaxy of new names are about to burst forth in the pages of American history. We must not then forget the glory which is woven with our sorrow. Our dead who have fallen in battle shall sleep well in an alien land, and we who still remain must not withhold from them the pride which is their due.

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROHIBITION AND THE STATES

BY FABIAN FRANKLIN

It is now for the State Legislatures to decide whether the amendment proposed by Congress, which decrees bone-dry prohibition throughout the Union, shall become an integral part of the Constitution of the United States. Whether the proposal will receive the kind of consideration and discussion which its importance calls for, remains to be seen. If there is to be any chance of such consideration and discussion, one condition, above all others, must be fulfilled—there must be a clear realization of what it is that is being done. In the brief debate that preceded the taking of the vote in the House of Representatives, such realization was conspicuously absent; a natural result, perhaps, of the short time-limit. And there is one point, in particular, which, so far as I have been able to find, was passed over altogether in the debate, and which it is of the first importance that the State Legislatures, and the constituencies which elect them, should have placed clearly before their eyes.

If this amendment shall be adopted, it will bring about a state of things which is in several respects absolutely unprecedented. It will be the first instance of a deliberate imposing upon the people of one State of the will of other States, in a matter affecting the ordinary daily life of the people of the State; it will be the first instance of prohibition decreed for the population of any great city in the world; but what I here wish particularly to direct attention to is that it will decree prohibition in a manner essentially different from that which has obtained even in the States and parts of States in which prohibition has existed. I do not refer to any circumstances concerning the effectiveness of its enforcement; what I have in mind is the character of the decree itself—the way in which it is riveted down. There is no substantial analogy between an enactment put into a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State Constitution and one that is made part of the Constitution of the United States. In nearly all of our States the Constitution can be changed by a process that is not much more formidable than the passing of an ordinary law; in none is the process comparable in difficulty to that of amending the Constitution of the United States. If the people of any State desire to repeal or modify the act by which they inserted prohibition into their State Constitution, that desire has only to be made clearly manifest in order to be accomplished. But once imbed such a provision in the Constitution of the United States, and it will not only be impossible for the people of a single State to repeal or in any way modify it, but it will be next to impossible for the people of the United States to do so.

The question has widely different aspects for various sections of the country, and its character in States that have no large cities is utterly dissimilar from what it is in States with large urban and metropolitan populations. It will accordingly be almost hopeless to bring home to the people of the former class of States the objections found against it in the latter class. And yet so long as thirteen States, however small, however remote from the great centers of population, hold out against repeal, the bone-dry prohibition of the Federal Constitution will stand, and everyone of the forty-eight States must live under it. It will be possible, in this state of things, for thirteen States whose aggregate population in the census of 1910 was less than five million to keep prohibition riveted upon all the rest of the hundred million people of the United States. In other words, we are asked not only to decree prohibition, but to decree it in such a manner as virtually to take away our power ever to annul the decree.

If the nature of the proposed act, as thus indicated, should be brought clearly home to the minds of the people and the legislators of the various States, it ought to be within the bounds of practical possibility that even some of the States which have enacted prohibition for themselves will decline to impose it upon other States. Millions of Americans have favored local prohibition within the State —under "local option" laws—but have been opposed to State-wide prohibition. They have recognized that what was desirable for certain parts of the State, and especially for certain fairly homogeneous communities, was not desir-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able for the entire population of the State. But the argument against nation-wide prohibition and in favor of State control is infinitely stronger than the argument against State-wide prohibition and in favor of local option. It would be so even were there not in the case that element of hopeless rigidity which has just been dwelt upon.

The man who votes for State prohibition in Georgia or Vermont votes for it on the basis of the conditions he knows to exist in his own State; and besides the circumstance of those conditions being radically different in New York or Pennsylvania, the Georgian or Vermonter may—and if he is a good American should—feel that the question is one which the people of New York or Pennsylvania are competent to decide for themselves, and upon which it is not his business to coerce them. There would therefore be no inconsistency whatever in a State which would adopt prohibition for itself refusing to take a hand in forcing it upon others. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that when a State *has* adopted prohibition for itself, it has not deprived itself of the right to change its decision whenever it may change its mind on the subject. When Vermont or Georgia votes for prohibition within its own borders, it leaves future generations of Vermonters or Georgians free to deal with the question as they may see fit; when it votes for a prohibition amendment to the United States Constitution it votes not only to coerce other States, but to abdicate for all time its own control of the subject within its own borders. In view of all this, the rejection of national prohibition by a State that had adopted prohibition for itself ought to be regarded not as a freak, but as an evidence of political sense and moral courage.

Especially is this true of the Southern States, and for more reasons than one. Not only are the States of the South peculiarly interested in the preservation of the principle of control of State concerns by State authorities, but in this particular matter of prohibition they were moved to take the action they did by considerations inseparably connected with their own special conditions. Had it not been for the question of the effect of liquor on the negroes, it is inconceivable that State after State of the South should have been swept into the prohibition camp in such rapid succession; but even apart from the negro element, the evil of drink has been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far more pervasive in the South than in New York or Massachusetts or Ohio, while the better side of drinking—its contribution to rational enjoyment, relaxation and refreshment—has been far less of a factor. If the Southern States, simply because they desire prohibition for themselves, are going to cast their weight upon the scales to fasten prohibition upon those States—be they few or many—that do not wish to live under that régime, they will remove the last vestige of support for any protest that they may hereafter wish to set up against Federal encroachment upon their control of their own affairs.

And such encroachment, it must be remembered, need not by any means take the shape of an amendment to the Constitution. The crucial instance in the past was the famous "Force Bill," which was designed to place elections under the control of the Federal Government. The bill had behind it an abundant majority in both houses of Congress, and was undoubtedly regarded as just in its aims by an overwhelming majority of the people outside the South. Its defeat was accomplished by resolute obstruction; but there can be no doubt that this obstruction would have broken down had it not had behind it the moral force of the principle of local self-government. Rightful as the people of the North regarded the intent of the measure to be—the safeguarding of the suffrage conferred on the negroes by the Fifteenth Amendment—they were not indignant at the determination of the South to prevent its enactment. They approved the end, but they realized the force of the objection to the means. Not even to secure the carrying out of what had already been ordained by a war-bought amendment to the Constitution, were they disposed to insist on the adoption of this measure of centralization in the face of the determined opposition of the Southern States. And once defeated, the project has never been revived; the forlorn-hope fight of the anti-force bill obstructionists resulted not only in victory but in the permanent settlement of the question at issue.

Who knows when an issue of the same moment may arise in the future, or what shape it may take? Who knows what dissension, what bitterness or discontent, may be produced by the decision of such an issue in the opposite sense—a decision in favor of central domination and against self-government in the States? And if this prohibition prece-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent is now set, what bulwark will remain to hinder such a decision?

The issue thus involved is not that of any abstract or legalistic doctrine of State rights. It concerns not a juristic or technical interpretation of the Constitution. The principle at stake is, indeed, inseparably associated with the letter and spirit of that instrument, and with its historic origin; but it is more than that. It has formed an essential part of the American tradition, it has been a life-giving element in our whole political history. Take away the sense that each State has a right to order its purely internal affairs according to its own desires, and you condemn to inevitable decay, slow perhaps but sure, the public life of every one of them. One encroachment will succeed another; and it will not take many to reduce the boundary lines of the States to little more political significance than attaches to parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude.

This language would be too strong if the prohibition question were not one that belongs so emphatically to the class of questions of purely internal concern. Of course, there is nothing in the world that is literally and absolutely of "purely internal concern"; the interests of Alabama or Kansas cannot fail to be affected in some degree by anything that affects conditions in New York or Illinois. But except in this unreasonable sense, it is no concern of the people of Alabama what action the people of New York may take in regard to the drink question; and except in an extremely minor and feeble way, no pretense has been made that the prohibition amendment is to be passed because it is a matter of inter-State concern. The ground upon which it has been urged is that, in the opinion of those who back it, it is intrinsically right, beneficial, desirable; and some States are to be compelled to live under it simply because other States think they ought to.

Obviously, there is no assignable limit to the range which coercion of this kind may take; and if the prohibition amendment is adopted, no excuse or apology will hereafter have to be made for the exercise of such coercion. If the regulation of drinking is not a question over which the separate States can assert their separate jurisdiction, nothing is.

I trust that enough has been said to show that the ques-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of national prohibition by Constitutional amendment demands the gravest possible consideration even by the people of those States which have adopted prohibition for themselves. But in the drive that is about to be made by the Anti-Saloon League to bring about the adoption of the prohibition amendment, we may be sure that it will not only be assumed that the twenty-seven "dry" States will vote for ratification as a matter of course, but every one of the other States will be urged to get on the prohibition "bandwagon" with a rush—to accept the inevitable rather than attempt any resistance. But if resistance is a duty in the case of legislators who, while favoring prohibition at home, realize the grave objections to forcing it upon communities of a totally different character, and the deep injury to the whole character of American life which is to be apprehended from the establishment of such a precedent, much more is resistance a duty on the part of those who are opposed to prohibition in their own States.

Every State that wants to preserve personal liberty within its own borders upon the subject of drink should feel doubly and trebly bound to fight with all its strength a proposal which would not only impose prohibition upon its own people, but impose it through Federal coercion, impose it upon all other States regardless of their separate will, and impose it in a form that, humanly speaking, makes any reconsideration forever impossible.

During the agitation for national prohibition by Constitutional amendment carried on by the Anti-Saloon League, William H. Anderson, one of the foremost, and probably altogether the most energetic and effective of its directing heads, thus stated the position of that powerful organization:

> The Anti-Saloon League is not asking any member of Congress to declare that he is in favor of national prohibition, but simply that he shall not become an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic by refusing to vote to allow the people of the nation, by States, through their representatives, to determine this question in the manner provided therefor by the framers of the Constitution.

False as this view is, obviously as it is at variance with the intent of the Constitution and with any sound understanding of the responsibility resting upon Congress, there can be no doubt that it exercised a great influence among the members of that body. It chimed in only too well with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the disposition so widely prevalent to vote on such an issue not in the way dictated by one's own conviction, but in the way that is supposed likely to incur the least odium in any important quarter. At least one of the speakers in the final debate avowed that he was simply passing the question on to the States. How many of the votes were cast in this spirit, it is impossible to say. But surely it is not extravagant to assume that more than nine of the 282 votes cast for the proposal may be thus accounted for; and a change of nine votes from yea to nay would have sufficed to defeat the amendment.

Neither Congress nor any State should shirk its responsibility; the very essence of the process of adopting a Constitutional amendment lies in its subjection to the *bona fide* judgment both of Congress and of the States—its ability to command the approval, first, of two-thirds of each house of Congress, and secondly, of the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. The Anti-Saloon League endeavored—with how much success no one can tell—to take the life out of the first part of this requirement on the plea that only the second part ought to be considered as involving any real responsibility; let it not now be permitted, upon any plea whatsoever, to reduce the second part—the question of ratification by the States—to a similar condition of nervelessness. In every State in which there is any considerable opposition to this revolutionary, and yet irreversible, innovation, this unprecedented attempt to standardize the habits of life of all the people of a great nation, that opposition should be asserted with an energy and persistence commensurate with the importance of the issue.

It may perhaps be thought by some that the emphasis placed in this article upon the character of the coercion which this amendment proposes to put upon the States, the contrast between its nature and that of other provisions of the Constitution, is somewhat greater than the facts justify. If so, a little reflection will, I believe, suffice to remove that feeling.

The Fifteenth Amendment does forbid the denial by any State of the right of suffrage on the ground of race, color or previous condition of servitude; and the original instrument provides that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. But whatever objection may, from the standpoint of State autonomy, be made against

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either of these provisions, it is at least clear that their object is the preservation of rights regarded by its framers as fundamental. Their intent is, broadly speaking, of the same nature as that of the provision in the original instrument by which the United States is required to "guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." Infinitely different from anything of this kind would be the imbedding in the Constitution of an act of legislative control over the mode of life which may be permitted to the inhabitants of the various States. Nothing in the least degree resembling such restraint is contained in any existing provision of the Constitution.

Finally, apart from all questions of self-government for the States, and all questions of personal liberty for the individual, the insertion of the prohibition amendment into the Constitution of the United States would constitute a deplorable degradation of its character. The Constitution is not perfect; it has been amended to its advantage, and will need to be amended in the future. But there is a noble simplicity about it, which is an incalculable factor in its strength. It does not undertake to lay down prescriptions about the multifarious matters which belong to the domain of ordinary legislation. Its injunctions, whether positive or negative, relate to fundamentals, and are the embodiment of broad and deep political convictions. To introduce into it the decision of a special question like that of the control of drink, however strong the wave of public feeling that may seem to be behind that decision, is to lower the level and weaken the authority of the whole instrument. The Constitution has often been criticized as being too difficult of amendment; the criticism will gain infinitely in force if instead of being, as it now is, simply an instrument for safeguarding the fundamentals of government in a Federal Republic, the Constitution is to become a recourse for those who, having at any given time gained the favor of the people for some alluring propaganda, seek to amalgamate their special project with the enduring structure of the great instrument which embodies the organic law of the nation.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INTELLECTUAL EQUIVALENT OF "STUDENT ACTIVITIES"

BY CHARLES F. THWING

PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

"STUDENT activities" is one of the charming paradoxes of the academic life and lingo. The phrase stands for those doings which college men plan and manage by and for themselves. In its classification is included all athletic sports, dramatic clubs, musical societies, debating teams, class contests of many sorts, fraternities, Young Men's Christian Associations, and fun and sport of all kinds and conditions. The common characteristic of all these affairs is found in their origin and continuation in the students themselves, without specific or particular reference to college regulations or guardianship. Their executive relation, and not their intellectual, their communal fellowship, standing for coöperation of certain or all parts of the student body, represent the essential element. Initiative and creativeness, voluntariness and happy freedom, are parts of this undergraduate process. Comprehensively, "*This,*" the fellows say, "is college life." It is a microcosm of life extramural. It is declared to be "the real thing!" "Latin —what have we to do with Horace's Odes or Cicero's Letters? No one writes like either of them today!" "Philosophy—what is that? Knowing nothing about nothing, and saying less!" "Greek—who cares for such an outlandish and antique thing as that? It is deader than a door-nail!" This life, it may be added, is really doing on a small field and by identical methods, in somewhat different materials and under unlike conditions, what one will do in the life subsequent to the academic days and years.

The attitude of the students themselves to these activities is most interesting and significant. For the majority it is an attitude of approbation, or participation, and of much happiness. To the formal scholar, the studious stu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent, they may not be of interest. But the formal scholar and the studious student is no longer the most general representative of the academic body. He is indeed the still small voice, the tender of the lamp, the priest at the altar of learning. But his devotion fails to command the respect, or to quicken the commendation, or to arouse the enthusiasm, once willingly given. One wishes that such were not the condition. One could, and does, desire that every student were a tender of the lamp, a priest at the altar, a prophet of scholarship. Perhaps some day a college may be founded which shall gather in such alien spirits.

The comprehensive question I wish to ask is, therefore: Can the interest which students now give to their own self-originating, self-administrative activities, be carried over to what the teachers of these students are still inclined to regard as their chief business? The question is rather serious. For, with full appreciation of the worth of the minor elements of a college education, the higher education cannot, will not, and ought not, to survive with these minor elements made major, and the major made minor.

The suggestion which I wish to offer in answer to the question is based upon the using of the creative and executive element in character—that element in fact which is most conspicuous and fundamental in the "activities"—as a more constant and formative method for reaching the mind of the student and for quickening that mind unto hard working. My meaning I can make clear by its application to specific studies. Let me apply my suggestion at once to that subject which possibly is of all subjects the least popular, to wit, mathematics. If it is the least popular, it is in certain respects the most important, not only because of the severity of its discipline, but also because of its relation to most scientific subjects. It is unpopular both because it demands profound and accurate thinking and also because it is by many regarded as utterly unpractical. It is said that mathematics has no relationship to what the student is going to do in life. Most of the mathematics taught in the undergraduate college is pure. My point is this, Can this pure mathematics be made applied? Can trigonometry, for instance, which, under a required system, is usually taken in the Freshmen year and which is hated by most members of that class, be at once applied to the problem of surveying fields, or of sailing ships? I have known Freshmen to study

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trigonometry for eighteen weeks and to have no more idea of the purpose of sine, cosine, and logarithms, than they have of the weather fourteen years ahead. They might just as well have been learning Chinese characters as a means for quickening interest or securing power. If actual ships cannot be sailed—as they usually cannot—can certain actual lands be measured? Of course the lands can be measured, and the campus surveyed!

English, too, is a subject quite as common as mathematics in the Freshman year. The dislike of it is less deep and less general than of the severer subject. But it is so taught in that year as seldom to arouse enthusiasm. Cannot it be made to have the interest of the creative processes? There are three things which all graduates do. First, they talk constantly. Second, they write letters frequently. Third, they make an interpretation in writing of some force or method or event occasionally. These three things are pretty intimate to their life. Can teachers make courses in what are called "oral English" quickening to intellectual taste, formative of judgment, enlarging to sympathies? Can teachers so teach the writing of letters, either business for their succinctness or absolute clearness, or friendly for their charm, as to make these men believe that to write letters is one of the most precious results of education? Can teachers so oblige men to describe a football game, or a fire, or a chemical experiment, or the building or equipment of a biological laboratory, as to cause the undergraduate intellect to know and to feel that the power of interpretation is really worth gaining? One does not ask for letters like Byron's, nor for interpretations like Huxley's. But one does ask for writing just as good as this youth of nineteen can give.

Writing is taught in college altogether too much like Hegel's philosophy, as a pistol shot out of pure space. It is so taught that it has little interest and small relationship. If the content were interesting and inspiring, the writing which embodies the content would be made also interesting and inspiring. Most students really have nothing to write, and, therefore, they write this nothing unto nothingness. If they had ideas, they would write these ideas with clearness and force, even if not with some sense of beauty. Therefore, our writing should be taught less by and for itself. It should be taught more and more as a part of every course in the college. It would be well to submit all papers in every other de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partment to the English teachers for judgment and for criticism.

History, too, is a subject which has been made more interesting in recent years. Yet to many men it still seems remote and unrelated to present conditions and forces. The problem is, Can history be made to have the interest which the undergraduate activities possess? In answering this question one of my associates says:

"I believe in practical work for college students in history. But whatever I write now I write with fear and hesitation lest my suggestions should be exaggerated or misunderstood. . . . I have lived long enough to distrust radical reforms and to know that methods of teaching must take into account existing conditions, traditions and prejudices. It has seemed to me college authorities have it within their power to start a back-fire, so to speak, against the popular student activities which leave too little room for the real work of the college student. I think I can see why such activities are popular. They set the student to work in a practical way. He earns recognition from his fellows. In my view the problem of the college teacher, particularly of history, is to put the students to work in such a way that they will earn recognition by work as well as by play. Our handicap is that it takes longer to train a student to be a skilled worker in history than a successful athlete or manager of a student activity. The task is to harness and employ the energies and ambitions of students along practical and, wherever possible, productive lines, supplementary to the process of acquiring information. Red-blooded students unconsciously weary of merely listening and absorbing. The process is a prolonged one in these days of four-year high schools, almost colleges in methods and ideals. It would perhaps be treason to my profession to admit to the students that they had any business growing weary of learning. I fear they do.

" My suggestion is that ways be found to set them to work collecting sources of local history, assembling the sources for the study of special problems and exercises, and later in using these sources in arriving at conclusions, and still later in writing up these conclusions from the study of the sources into essays. Some of these essays may be selected for publication in the local periodicals. Probably only a few students would succeed in dealing successfully with the sources in the later stages, but such ones would have a recognition and a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

satisfaction in having their work published. This plan seeks to combine three methods—the ripened views of the lecturer in the formal lecture, the reading of selected authorities, and, finally, the student practical exercises. . . . I see no reason why the plan will not be workable. However, it requires time to elaborate a technique and secure the means and equipment." Thus, with wisdom and inspiration born of experience, writes Professor Benton.

"I shall not apply my proposal to every department of the college. But I may be suffered to seek to adjust it at least to one other field, and that is the field of the social sciences. In the great domain of government, of economics, of sociology, would it be possible for the heads of these departments to seek to make of the college an ideal commonwealth? A commonwealth republican, with bodies for legislative, judicial and executive functions, a state under which all forms and processes of government should be made plain, impressive, and quickening to the student-citizen. Would it be feasible for the principles and the methods, the conditions and the forces, the difficulties, the causes and the results, which government stands for, to be made a part of his studies and of his life? Of course, such an intimation represents a big and complex job. It is a job, however, most worthy of prolonged and profound consideration."

Regarding the proposition to which I thus give a bare outline, I wish to make two remarks in conclusion. First, this suggestion is not designed to serve that select group of students whose primary interests are already intellectual. They can be, and are, approached directly and immediately through their minds. It is designed to serve that large body whose primary interests are not intellectual, but whose minds should be quickened and enlarged in great human relationships. If, for the select group, the will and character are approached through the intellect, for the larger number the intellect is to be approached through the will. My second remark is that the application of this method would lay untried methods and conditions upon many teachers. In the use of such methods and conditions, teachers would need to exercise great patience with themselves and with their students, and possibly their students, too, would not be entirely free from the need of exercising a similar virtue and grace toward their teachers.

CHARLES F. THWING.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADONNA OF THE EVENING FLOWERS

BY AMY LOWELL

All day long I have been working,
Now I am tired.
I call: "Where are you?"
But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
The house is very quiet,
The sun shines in on your books,
On your scissors and thimble just put down,
But you are not there.
Suddenly I am lonely:
Where are you?
I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool, like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and rounded.
You tell me these things.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur.
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums* of the Canterbury bells.

AMY LOWELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNION

BY WINIFRED WELLES

With delicate, white hands the priest has laid
His usual blessing on the wine and bread,
And to each broken figure, each bent head
The symbol brought, the silver cup conveyed.
The candles peer, uneasy and afraid,
Like small, grey faces of the mournful dead,
And up and down the aisles the organ's dread
And doubt and grief and gravity have strayed.

Softly the stained glass windows split apart,
Their ineffectual angels pine and pass—
I am upright and proud. Whom I seek now
Sudden and sure as dawn breaks in my heart—
And I tread stars as intimately as grass,
Touch light as though it were a golden bough.

LIFETIME

I am the river, I have been immense
With hope, great as the inner heart of spring—
The reeds have heard my husky whispering
Through fiery noontides heavy with suspense.
Between the ruins of magnificence,
Stained and autumnal, one last dirge I sing,
And then among my white beards muttering
Grow old and sleep into indifference.
I have no returning, onward is best,
Close to the dark, sweet earth in every place,
But there's the sky's mark hidden in my breast,
And a star's shadow falling on my face.
Where shining spaces wait to fill with me,
Death is the beautiful and bitter sea.

WINIFRED WELLES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOSTOIEVSKY'S MYSTICAL TERROR

BY CHARLES GRAY SHAW

It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God, but that is what happened to Fydor Dostoievsky. It was not Russia, vast, fantastic, terrible, but real existence as such which wrung from his soul his tales of self-inquisition. "Reality has caught me upon a hook"; this chance expression in one of his romances of reality is the confessed secret of the anguished author. Dostoievsky is Russia, and "the Russian soul is a dark place." Having said this of his own land, Dostoievsky, without playing upon Amiel's pretty epigram, "the landscape is a state of the soul," proceeds to show us how the outer darkness pervades his own soul. He knows not why, but at dusk there comes over him an oppressive and agonizing state of mind difficult to define, but recognizable in the form of "mystical terror." Because of his pessimistic realism, Dostoievsky is not to be understood by any attempt to force his stubborn thought into the pens of conventional literature; "standard authors" afford us no analogies, so that it is only by relating the Russian to Job, Ezekiel, and the author of the Apocalypse that we are able to make headway in reading Dostoievsky. Hoffmann, Poe, and Baudelaire played with the terrible as a boy plays with toy spiders and snakes; but their soul-states knew no Siberias, their mental hides escaped the hooks of reality.

With the several volumes of Dostoievsky weighing one's book-shelves down or with the ponderous pages spread out before perplexed eyes, the reader cannot comprehend Dostoievsky as artist unless the reader is prepared to look upon art as absolute. Style is swallowed up in significance, technique surrenders to subject; for the story *is* something, not about something. As architecture and music are arts which refuse to represent something other than themselves,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but are real and representative together, so the art of Dostoievsky, instead of being pictorial and imitative, is so much reality spread out before one's gaze. The idea becomes fact, the mental solidifies, and that which is said is no more, no less, than that which took place. The story is a stream which carries river-bank and river-bed along with it, while huge cakes of reality float upon the surface. Some of this Russian realism Dostoievsky learned from Gogol, and, like many another ardent Slav, he beheld the troika of Russia speeding its nocturnal way like a thunderbolt from Heaven upon some mad mission of God. But Dostoievsky had no one to guide him when in his Slavonic demonism he turned "Russian" into an adjective capable of qualifying things most absolute. In this spirit, he speaks of "Russian sympathy" as if to suggest that the human heart has resources of compassion which man outside Russia has not been permitted to feel. Only the Russian nation is "god-bearing"; in such a land alone may one say, "an atheist can't be a Russian." In his egregious zeal for the Slavonic mood, Dostoievsky goes so far as to speak of "the Russian God," who, he admits, is in danger of being overcome by cheap vodka.

It is imperative to consider Dostoievsky's art from an intensive standpoint as so much psychology, but a psychology which would strain one of our modern laboratories, while its Russian aspects would disconcert what is popularly known as "sociology." The Russian writer chooses to style it "double-edged psychology," whose methods of analysis are so painful to the subject that he cries out, "Don't rummage in my soul; cursed be all those who pry into the human heart." Dostoievsky's fascinating fear of psychology was probably due to the fact that his most precious moments of introspection were enjoyed in connection with his experiences as an epileptic. In the midst of his mystical terror, the spirit rends his soul, while he screams as though another person were crying out within his own soul. Nevertheless, this epileptic experience has its heights of transfiguration, since the sufferer with his "special, sudden idea" is able to behold the "highest synthesis of life." Entering in true Russian fashion, without knocking, Reality informs him that such an exalted moment is worth one's whole life, while it further conveys the tidings that, after all, the whole world is lovely, like trees, flowers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and children. Reduced to exact formulation, as though a moral maxim were concealed in that which is epileptic and existential, this real moment persuades the sufferer that "compassion is the only law of human existence," just as it gives him apocalyptical assurance that time shall be no more. This eternal love of All comes in blinding flashes, but from the tangled light-rays he weaves a web of moral and religious meaning.

However vague and disconnected the soul-states of Dostoievsky may appear, it is doubtful whether his readers can deny that they are wholly free from such "special, sudden ideas." In practically every mind, no matter how much common sense there may be, there are occasional whirlpools and explosions which show how untamed are human ideas and impulses. At heart, all tend to feel somewhat of Dostoievsky's mystic terror, even when they have the mystical tendencies and their better natures pretty well under control. As an exceptional psychologist of the dark Russian soul, Dostoievsky is fond of rearing unexpected islands in the stream of consciousness. Every plan for the murder carefully made, Raskolnikov, the hero in *Crime and Punishment,* lies down to wait for the coming of the necessary darkness. The resolution to kill his victim has been forged; the hatchet is by his side. Now, in this moment of waiting, he is as it were in Egypt on some palm-dotted oasis; camel and caravan rest quietly, man and beast drink alike from the murmuring stream as it flows over the many-colored stones and golden spangles of the sandy bottom. Between the idea of diabolical preparation and the impulse which leads to the bloody execution of his plan does this remote and charming picture pass in the mind of the murderer. Another example of unexpected abstraction occurs in *The Idiot,* where Lebedev, the money lender, who is just bereft of his wife, spends the night upon his knees, but praying for the repose of the Countess Du Barry's soul. Dmitri Karamazov, about to leap from the darkness and murder his father, notes with great care how the light from the window of the paternal mansion intensifies the red of the berries upon the near-by bush; in the criminal court where he undergoes searching examination, he is fascinated by the amethyst in the prosecutor's ring. Instead of following a scientific psychology, which would make the soul-state a mere appendage to the event in nature, Dostoievsky is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuaded that consciousness has tides which rise and fall in response to an unearthly influence.

Two general principles seem to guide Dostoievsky's contemplation of life: one is anthropological in its attempt to define man and place him in a habitat; the other is racial, and seeks to analyze the Russian soul. As an anthropologist, Dostoievsky refuses to subsume man under the genus homo, just as he is unwilling to assign him to earth as his home. "Man," said Pascal, "is neither beast nor angel—*ni bête, ni ange.*" According to Dostoievsky's calculation, *man is either beast or angel,* since he is never merely man; or, to use his own language, man is a "diamond set in the dirty background of life." Wholly wanting in Laodicean conceptions of life, the artist prefers to regard man in Gadarean fashion, a beast demonized from without. "It has always been a mystery to me," says he, "and I have marvelled a thousand times at that faculty in man (and in the Russian, I believe, more especially) of cherishing in his soul his loftiest ideal side by side with the most abject baseness, and all quite sincerely." In his mystic intuition of life, Dostoievsky could behold nothing between the black, barren earth and the endless shining of the sky; from which follows the fact that, as he says, "the man with the ideal of Sodom in his soul does not renounce the ideal of the Madonna." The climax of this crass view occurs in the clever but unhappy twist given to the words of the Latin humanist: *Satan sum et nihil humani me alienum puto.*

The anthropology which makes of man a beast-angel is accompanied by an exalted sociology which makes of Russia a peculiar blending of Tartar and Buddhist. With the Russian, there is no such thing as mere living; man must either assert or deny the will to live. For this reason, the interpretation of Dostoievsky must be carried on in the courts of a super-psychology and a major morality; if the reader clings to his traditional ideas of man as a creature of common consciousness and proper morality, he will soon be floundering in the flotsam of Dostoievsky's turbid soul-stuff. Schiller, whom he admired, looked upon man as a chemical combination of sense and reason finely synthesized through æsthetic education; but Dostoievsky himself can concoct no plan suitable for uniting the Tartar beast with the Buddhist angel; hence, he says of his Russian, '*Grattez le russe et vous verrez le tartare.*' Catalogue the characters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which move about in the romances of this Slavonic apostle, and you will find, never a human being, but always an animal or an angel. Out of such a social appreciation of his own race, he extracts an opposed pair of moral categories wholly distinct from the ethical presumptions of extra-Russian moralists; they are those of strength and weakness, of super-strength which makes man worse than bad, of victorious weakness which makes the man better than the good.

Enthralled by the idea of a super-strong consciousness which turns human blood to lava or moulten iron, Dostoievsky makes Milton's Satan and Nietzsche's blond beast appear quite amateurish and unconvincing; the strong Slav is a reality in the artistic experience of the writer. "Strong natures," says he, "often find it difficult to bear the burden of their strength." Prominent among these strong ones is Raskolnikov, who raises his nervous will to the n^{th} power of human volition; strictly speaking, Raskolnikov has no will, but a volition-channel through which the vicious assertiveness of the Tartar rushes like a spring freshet. The most systematic treatment of undue strength is found in *The Brothers Karamazov,* which celebrates the "primitive force of the Karamazovs, a crude, unbridled earth-force, a thirst for life regardless of everything." Other nations, he tells us, may have their Hamlets, but the Russians have their Karamazovs. Dostoievsky's strong one turns to crime to cleanse his soul of the sense of power whose superabundance has become a burden to him. In this spirit, Rogozhin, in *The Idiot,* with a garden-knife slays a family of six for the sake of killing them, from which act of disinterested deviltry he turns to the murder of his beautiful bride. Prince Harry, in *The Possessed,* that Gadarean swine story, bites off the ear of the old count who in his deafness is trying to hear what the youth has to say. Famous among Dostoievsky's tales of terror is that of the two peasants who go to bed in the same room, whereupon one cuts the other's throat because of the silver watch which his friend carries, although the murderer has neither need of nor desire for the time-piece. To make the matter still more unearthly, the artist assures us that the foul act was accompanied by a fervid prayer on the part of the bloodthirsty man, who ejaculates, "God, forgive me for Christ's sake." Again, a young girl reads the story of a Jew who, having cut off

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fingers of a child, crucifies it with no regret save that the Golgothan period of the child's suffering was limited to a paltry four hours. Not content with absorbing this touch of Sadism, the fair maid often imagines that she herself is the Jew, while she adds a personal touch to the story by expressing the idea that, had she done the deed, she should want to sit by the cross "*eating pineapple compote.*" According to Dostoievsky's amiable psychology of strength, everybody loves crime, just as everybody in the Karamazov community loved Dmitri, who was believed to have killed his father. To such a murderous major premise, the artist adds a minor one to the effect that, as a matter of fact, one always wants to kill one's father. Astounded as one may well be by such tales and such interpretations, one should consider that the news which keeps journalism alive is habitually pessimistic, since it is made up of columns of human sin and human sorrow, just as one may recall the further fact that the Man of the Evangel warned His disciples that out of the heart of man come such things as wickedness, deceit, foolishness, murder.

Side by side with such frank frightfulness, for which even the German U-boat fleet can hardly prepare us, Dostoievsky loves to place accompanying tales of excessive want and extravagant self-abasement. From tropic to poles his art passes without literary inconsistency. In his hands, the story shifts from the Slavonic to the Sanskrit, while a word from him turns the Cossack into a Buddhist. Meanwhile, we are kept wondering just when man in the European and American sense will make his appearance. The underlying philosophy of Dostoievsky puzzles the eyes of reading-room and magazine-people, because this philosophy puts the negation of life upon a par with life-assertion. "The law of self-preservation and the law of self-destruction," says he, "are equally strong in humanity." Thus the Hindu becomes the match for the Tartar, while the Buddhist hypnotizes the Cossack. Walking side by side with the ferocious characters and enjoying their crimson confidence too are so many gentle souls whose sense of want and whose capacity for compassion make them strange bedfellows. Prominent among these amateur angels appear Vanya, in *Injured and Insulted,* Prince Myshkin, the "idiot," and Alesha, of the family Karamazov. With such, the need of negation and the nostalgia for the Nought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expresses itself quite frankly in connection with suicide as a fine art. Self-destruction is not at all uncommon; fear of dishonor, disappointed love, and even the high cost of living instruct the coroner in his search for causes. However, Shakespeare and Schopenhauer have indulged in the casuistry of self-destruction, so that suicide is a topic about which we are, as it were, pretty well informed. But, according to Dostoievsky, no one has a right to take his life for a cause; if there must be suicide, it must be for no reason at all. In this manner, Kraft, in *Injured and Insulted,* takes his own precious and promising life, because the science of craniology and anthropology have led him to the conclusion that the Russians are a second-rate race, so that to live as a Russian is not worth while. The young consumptive in *The Idiot* contemplates but does not consummate suicide, not because of his malady, but simply because the spectacle of life appears in itself repulsive. Stavrogin, in *The Possessed,* is perfectly willing to slip the noose about his neck, but fears that such a display of courage may create the impression of a soul-greatness which he did not possess. Kirollov, the practical and successful man of affairs, is anxious to take his useful life simply because he has no reason for so doing. "The highest point of self-will," so he argues, "is to kill myself with my own hands. To do this without any cause at all I shall be the only one." For himself, Dostoievsky concludes that life is at its best when its tides are at their lowest ebb, its colors of an infra-red tint. The best man is the least of men, a kind of idiot who possesses just enough volition and ideation to continue diplomatic relations with life. Good and bad, life and death are one; at the same time, all souls are open to the one world; the endless publicity of Siberian existence had taught Dostoievsky that bitter lesson. "In truth," he says, "we are each responsible for all, and it's only men who don't know this. If they did, the earth would be a paradise at once." This oneness of human life on earth is the source of the artist's sympathism; all may be walled in, but there are no separating partitions. Sorrow is sacred, hence the monk, in *The Brothers Karamazov,* bows in reverence before the suffering in store for the young villain. More striking and better known than this episode is the incident in *Crime and Punishment* where Raskolnikov kisses the feet of the despised street-girl, and says, "I do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not bow down to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person." Such a text is the essence of the Russian novel.

Dostoievsky's theology is neither the latitudinarianism of Berlin nor the anthropomorphism of the Kaiser. Instead of accepting the idea of God, he finds no possible way of rejecting the notion. The Psalmist admitted that the fool might say, *non est deus,* even when he did not think it; but Dostoievsky cannot admit the possibility of the atheistic *dixit.* The atheist, he thinks, " will always be talking about something else." Like his favorite character, Alesha Karamazov, Dostoievsky seems to say, " I am not rebelling against God; I simply don't accept his world." Dostoievsky's rejection of the world is due to the pessimistic perception that the planet is the place of disorder, which fact makes possible the art of the Russian, even when his æsthetic capitalization of the cosmic chaos is not quite the same as that of the munition-maker's. That which gave Dostoievsky his deepest wound was the thought that, when the Man appeared, the earth had no place for Him except Golgotha. It was indeed for the sake of the Man that all things were made, and without Him all were madness; yet the fact that the laws of the planet did not spare Him proves that " the very laws of the planet are a lie, and the vaudeville of Devils." There are places in the art of Thomas Hardy where the condemnation of the planet is no less strident; but Hardy proceeds to his bitter conclusions in a spirit less tender and less evangelical. Of the Russian it may be said that this is perhaps the only place in his æsthetic system where the mystic becomes malicious; even here his indignation assumes no more threatening an aspect than that of the " suffering smile."

If atheists are always talking about something else than the Deity whose existence they would deny, Dostoievsky showed his willingness to listen to their rash utterances; it was as a mere listener at Fourier meetings that he was condemned and exiled. These atheists who pour henbane into the ear seem to have reduced the cosmic proportions of the Deity until God became little more than a magnified Man, and as such an undesirable citizen. Much of this fervent anthropomorphism may be traced to the Hegelianism of Feuerbach and others whom nihilists like Turgeniev had studied in Germany; some of it was elaborated upon a quasi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political basis, as if God were a sort of Czar. This "god," so Dostoievsky hears, is to be deposed and exiled; "then they will divide history into two parts: from the gorilla to the annihilation of God, and from the annihilation of God to the transformation of the earth and of man." Convinced that atheism cannot be fact, thought, or even word, Dostoievsky further has compassion for "God," as for all other unfortunates. In this spirit, he makes the convict say, "If they drive God from earth, we will shelter Him underground; and then we men underground will sing from the bowels of earth a glorious hymn to God." In general, Dostoievsky's art is a subterranean song, his religion the bowels of cosmic compassion. God torments him with inner calamities as He used to torment the patriarch Job, but Dostoievsky still trusts; the world seems like the Devil's vaudeville, yet he stoops to kiss the black earth. Man is naked and a beggar rejected by both heaven and earth, but man may walk in the light, and while he *is* nothing he may see everything.

It was Dostoievsky's fate to be possessed of a primitive and patriarchal spirit and be called upon to display this in an age of industry. Place him in the world when creation was fresh and when the newest winds of Heaven fanned faces not yet furrowed by doubt and care, and your Dostoievsky had been fit and ready to join Enoch as he walked with God. But, finding himself in a world where economic systems have become superior to things and men, Dostoievsky could not help invoking the spirit of nihilism, even when he repudiated nihilistic politics as such. Confronted by the spectacle of his Russia engaged in industrial activity, Dostoievsky can only condemn business and rejoice in the fact that there are so few practical men in Russia. In the midst of an animated discussion on the subject of railways as the saviours of Russia, Dostoievsky allows his 'idiot' to lisp something to this effect: "I believe that beauty will save the world."

Along with this spiritual nihilism which condemns the railway as a soteriological principle goes Dostoievsky's repudiation of science. He feels that science is selfish and tends to forbid pity, whence it will be folly to put one's trust in its princes, just as Gorky admitted that science was a divine beverage, but that up to the present time it resembled Russian vodka, in that its ultimate yield was noth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing but headache. "Science," says Dostoievsky, "has ever given the solution by the fist. This is particularly characteristic of the half-truths of science, the most terrible scourge of humanity, unknown until the last (eighteenth) century, and worse than plague, famine, or war." Science, he believes, could not exist were it not for beauty, while the contrast between the æsthetical and the scientific makes it possible for one to conclude that "Shakespeare is better than boots, Raphael greater than petroleum, the Sistine Madonna finer than a pencil." The Russian God may have survived the emancipation of the serfs, but it is a question whether He can stand out against the railways.

Such epileptic exaggerations are more likely to occasion a smile than to cause wrath, but it cannot be denied that there is in them the implicit criticism of a philosophy which the thoughtful and semi-thoughtful person of the day carries around with him. All such philosophers are interested in the exterior perfection of humanity as this is to be found in the proper assembling and organizing of the sons of men, just as they are mildly concerned about the elaboration of an inner and intensive humanism as this is to appear in their own individual hearts. This is, of course, bourgeois, but better than nothing; it sprouts up in labor-unions, in charity organizations here, in free libraries and women's clubs there. Now, can we deny that our creeds begin with, 'I believe in railways'? Our freight-rebates and eight-hour-per-day strikes may distill some doubt about our new god, but the Apostles worried along with the bag-holding Judas, and we ought to be able to pull through in spite of our modern men from Kerioth. Adam Smith and Herbert Spencer have formulated our new creeds for us, so that we are beginning to feel quite at home in our new temples, which like some new railway stations resemble the old Dorics and Gothics. Dostoievsky may not have found the integrating principle which shall not only bring men together, but persuade them that they belong together, but he has been of some service in showing us that our hope in horses and chariots, in steel cars and automobiles, is a vain and far-fetched consolation.

As to the terrified mystic himself, the reader of his unique works may close the several volumes with the conviction that, no matter what science may say about him, no matter what society may do to him, man exists. There must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be some better way of describing the freedom of man in the world than to do as Dostoievsky and Gorky do when they liken the present aimlessness of human life to the meanderings of a "cockroach." There must be some superior way of evincing the spiritual character of man's inner self, so that one will no longer need to follow Dostoievsky through all the perturbed ramifications of the stricken soul. While this philosophy of man is being elaborated, we may keep in mind Dostoievsky's idea that man, far from being a brick in the industrial wall or a cell in the social organism, is an inner world-order, fantastic, terrible, yet beautiful. . . . According to the words of the apostle Jude, "Of some have compassion, making a difference." Dostoievsky was "different."

CHARLES GRAY SHAW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW VERSE AND NEW PROSE

BY WILLIAM MORRISON PATTERSON

There was a mán
Who made his líving
By painting róses
Upon sílk.

. . . . .

He thought ónly of róses
And sílk.
When he could gét no more sílk
He stopped paínting
And only thoúght
Of róses.

So chants Amy Lowell, with the vigorous sense of "swing" which is one of her undeniable gifts. On an occasion when she recited aloud these phrases from her poem, *The Painter on Silk,* in the course of a psychological experiment at Columbia University, it was part of the listener's reaction that from one chief accent to another—from "mán" to "líving," from "líving" to "róses," from "róses" to "sílk," and so on—the intervals of time gave a satisfying impression of swinging equality. By "swinging" we mean such compensative retarding and hastening of *tempo,* intuitively manipulated, as is familiar in the performance of any musician. The "equality" of these time-intervals, therefore, is not the dead, mechanical equality of time between the ticks of a metronome, but the elastic, "live" equality which the musician instinctively achieves.

A sáng
Ihc schal you sínge
Of Múrry
The king.

So bounces into our ears from older days the hurrying rhythm of *King Horn.* We have taken the liberty of spac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the units separately, for purposes of emphasis. The same sort of tumbling tune, jerking itself up with a shorter interval between accents at the end, is in part of Langland's *Piers Plowman:*

What this moúntein
Beméneth
And this dérke
Dále.

From the still more ancient generation of the " Beowulf " sagas, we hear—that is, some of us hear—a similar accelerating group of time-units, marked by chief accents:

Ofslóh tha
Aet thaere saécce
Tha me saél
Agéald.

Beowulf is speaking of the house-guards, whom he

Slew then
In the conflict
When the chance
Was given.

What is this " verse "? Or is it verse at all—this " unmetrical " chant of our ancestors, which, scholars like Sievers and Schipper insist, quite contrary to the opinion of the present writer, was delivered in the manner of free recitation—" nicht taktierend "—" without beating of time "? How strange, too, that we find it emerging as one form of *vers libre* in the hands of our imagist contemporary! Is this a *genre,* then, really native to the genius of our language —since it lorded over all our known primeval efforts—which we have mistakenly neglected, but which now springs up from its forgotten dust with the dramatic irony of Cæsar's ghost?

To answer these questions we must return to the forbidding confines of the laboratory, where any discussion of rhythm involves a discussion of time and our sense of it. Contracting and relaxing muscles, especially those connected with recurrent automatic movements, such as those of the heart and lungs, are the usual clocks by which we measure the length of temporal intervals. A certain comfortable sensory reaction tells us that the rate of our heart-beats or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of our breathing is close to normal. Segments of breath-waves, each segment marked by a slight reinforcement in the flow of air, and measured, in turn, by so many concomitant heart-beats—when these are consciously felt—may easily register for us our mental seconds. It is only by such mental time-beats or "unitary pulses" that we are able to make anything like accurate judgments of time. Suppressed articulation usually assists us in counting; our memory images record the numbers. "While I was taking three comfortable breaths the butterfly floated *slowly* past my window." During two painful gasps on the part of a helpless spectator the villain engaged in *rapid* measures to stab the hero.

It is interesting, accordingly, to note that whatever physiologically developed time-sense, *manifested by ease in evoking "unitary pulses,"* resided in Miss Lowell's listener, on the occasion of the experiment with this particular example of her *vers libre,* was easily adjusted to a predominating coincidence with the chief accents in her delivery of the lines. *This predominating coincidence stamps the experience psychologically as verse, regardless of the absence of metrical pattern in the consciousness of the listener.* The opposite of coincidence is syncopation. If sounds do not hit together they are bound to hit apart. Whenever a listener's time-beats occur just before or just after the chief accents of a spoken passage, the syncopating tune thus arising from the *combination* of accents and pulses falls inevitably into the rhythm of prose.

Verse, through its predominating coincidence with a series of mental drum-beats, has, in its most typical forms, a bounding, marching, community-singing effect, always characterized by a certain simplicity, and so not difficult to analyze. On the other hand, the tunes of prose, though often of amazing intricacy, are nevertheless easily recognized by our intuitive processes, *without needing to be analyzed,* and can, in fact, be readily tapped off with our fingers from memory. The only questions to be asked are: First, is the rhythmic tune beautiful or haunting in itself? Second, is it *appropriate* in its movement to the mood of the passage?

There are those who do not seem able to hear these compound tunes for the simple reason that they lack the regulating unitary beats without which the outline of the music is merely a tantalizing shadow. The "aggressively rhythmic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timer" lives, as it were, in unitary spurts of "Life! Life! Life! I'm alive! I'm tremendously alive!" The haphazard world jiggles by his ears and gets tangled up with his life-song. The resulting compound tune is sometimes prose and sometimes verse, but in either case the world's big and little waves of sound are regulated by the timer's internal waves of living. It is this hypnotizing inner surge that is externalized in the dynamic "boom! boom! boom!" of the Indian's tom-tom, the "plunk! plunk!" of our ancestral harpists, or the unitary drone of the mediæval monks, intoxicated with the swing of their Gregorian chants.

The intuitive response to complicated syncopation, possessed by savages, and lost to so many of us through the inhibiting influences of sedentary life, is surely requisite to rhythmical technique in writing prose and verse. Any attempts, however, to regain this instinctive response must include a resort to physical means. The gift seems to reside not in our minds, as such, but in our bodies. Since time is measured by muscular contractions, let us remember that our muscles of varying length, when they work simultaneously, are capable of unconsciously performing the most complicated types of syncopation. The trick is to become intuitively conscious of the time-values involved. But values demand a standard, and a standard means units. We must learn to evoke time-beats out of the general depths of our muscular sense. We can put a finger on our pulse or a hand over our heart, and thus measure our breathing and its segments. Then with our breath we can measure our walking-step, and so to the end of the game, when the units, if we win, must come to us without effort.

In the meantime, let us visit the Zoo and watch a polar bear in the midst of his side-stepping at some restive moment. His cage is just so long; his legs are just so long; the muscles of his neck, his tail, his tongue, his eyelids, are just so long and just so elastic; but these "just so long's" are not the same. They form an irregular series of elements. At the moment in question the bear's *élan vital* demands a certain amount of physical action. What is the result? A beautiful case of utterly naïve compound syncopating motion—with spontaneous tail-flips, eye-winkings, and lip-lickings, irregularly overlapping in their intervals ponderous neck-sways, all harmoniously but intricately regulated by the incessant unitary "flap! flap! flap!" of those great white

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet. We are actually seeing the rhythm of prose! There is no more mystery about it!

Provided thus with a physiological and psychological basis for a clear distinction between prose and verse experience, we are ready to investigate the *genres* of each. Verse experience, we discover, falls into two main types, unitary verse and metrical verse. In " unitary verse " predominantly coincident experience is produced by language whose chief accents mark off impressions of equal time-intervals, regardless of the number of syllables in between. The typical march-like movement of all verse is there, but it is not the march of a two-legged being. It is the stately unitary progression of a measuring-worm, whose legs we have forgotten to count.

In " metrical verse " the basic time condition is very much the same—virtual equality of interval from accent to accent—but upon this foundation is superimposed a succession of stress-patterns, such as our so-called " iambs," " trochees," and " anapæsts." These stress-patterns are quickly recognized, and, together with tone-color patterns—rhyme, assonance, and alliteration—produce in " metrical verse " a *genre* that favors memorization. " Haunting lines " are likely to be easily scanned. What we must constantly remember is that as soon as we depart from these strict patterns of " metrical verse " and write in " unitary verse," for instance, a notation of some sort seems to be demanded in order to preserve the integrity of the intended *genre*. The Old English poets marked their chief accents, as a rule, with alliteration, which is quite equivalent to drawing a red line around the syllables. The spacing of unit phrases on separate lines, which we find in contemporary verse, is also helpful as a form of notation, except in such cases where too much rhythmic emphasis is put upon weak words. On the other hand, as soon as we see two or more units printed on one line the value of the spacing as notation is largely lost. *The Painter on Silk* by Amy Lowell begins with such spacing of the separate units, which, at any rate, prepares us for the swing of unitary verse which she consistently maintains in her delivery of the poem to the end.

Oread by "H. D.", as delivered in the laboratory by Miss Lowell and registered with the sound-photographing apparatus, showed a striking predominance of virtually equal time-intervals between chief accents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whírl up séa—
Whírl your pointed pínes.
Splásh your great pínes
On our rócks.
Húrl your green óver us—
Cóver us with your poóls of fír.

We have preserved "H. D.'s" spacing. In connection with her poem it is interesting to find in the *Songs of Selma* by Ossian a passage, printed as prose, the rhythm of which suggests *Oread,* and, consequently, "unitary verse." In giving it we have adopted a spacing somewhat similar to that of its kindred composition.

Aríse, winds of aútumn, aríse;
Blów along the heáth!
Stréams of the moúntains, róar!
Roár, témpests,
In the gróves of my oáks!

But all *vers libre* is not "unitary verse," by any means. The vast majority of it falls into what we may term "spaced prose," "mosaics," and, occasionally, "blends." "Spaced prose," such as Miss Lowell's *Reaping,* produces predominantly syncopating experience, and differs from normal or "fluid prose" in that the printing of prose phrases on separate lines, or their delivery with correspondingly marked pauses, focuses our attention upon the rhythm as rhythm—especially the broader rhythmical balance of the phrases against each other. As an artistic form, "spaced prose" is acceptable—in oratory or in reading aloud or in the printed guise of *vers libre*—when the dominating thought or mood of a passage has been so clearly established that emphasis upon the rhythm as rhythm is welcomed.

Oratorical examples of "spaced prose" occur in the vigorously punctuated speeches of Colonel Roosevelt, such as the one made recently at a dinner given by the Pennsylvania Society. The established subject of the passage we are taking is France and her heroism. The hearer is quite ready, therefore, for rhythmic emphasis in the "peroration." Once familiar with the characteristics of Colonel Roosevelt's delivery we unconsciously "space," even in our reading of the speech, such phrases as the following:

For thrée and a half térrible yéars
She has wálked hígh of héart
Through the válley of the shádow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In order to achieve some form of notation for "spaced prose," we prefer to make the spacing consist of fairly long lines, as opposed to the separate spacing of unit-phrases, which if carried out more frequently would be of great assistance in preserving the integrity of "unitary verse." Of course, in certain instances of the latter *genre* the chief accents may be so obvious that separate spacing is quite unnecessary. This is largely true of *Oread,* to which we have already referred.

The second type of "spaced prose" is purely mental and the result, not of oratorical suggestions, but of reading aloud the rhythmical development of any well-confirmed theme. We again take an example from Colonel Roosevelt, because he, like Miss Lowell, has, quite of his own free will, taken an interest in the present discussion of *genre,* and made himself accessible to investigation. In experimenting with the following passage from his *Booklover's Holidays in the Open,* in which the dominating mood of each chapter is soon established, we find ourselves again giving emphasis to the phrase rhythm for its own sake. We may *read* the phrases thus:

> Líons róared and élephants trúmpeted,
> And in the papýrus béds,
> Benéath the lów blúffs on which our ténts stóod,
> Hippopótamus béllowed and bléw
> Like the exhaúst-pípes of húge stéam-éngines.

But it would be an error to *print* the passage in this self-conscious way.

The third form of "spaced prose" is one of the prevailing types of current *vers libre.* An indication of the form is announced at once, on the part of the author, by the notation of spaced phrases. Naturally, with writers who have not as yet made obvious distinctions in their practice between "unitary verse," "spaced prose," and "mosaics," this notation is not very impelling. A moving example of "spaced prose," big in its human touch, occurs in Miss Lowell's *Reaping.*

> An' dón't make any mistáke about óne thing,
> When I márried yer I lóved yer.
> Why, your vóice 'ud make
> Me go hót and cóld all over.
> An' your kísses most stopped my heárt from beatin'.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lórd! I wás a silly fóol.
But thát's the wáy 'twás.
Well, I márried yer
An' thought Heáv'n was comin'
To set on the doór-step.
Heáv'n didn't do no séttin'.

It is significant to note that in one reading of this passage, when the chief syllabic accents in the rhythmic tune were felt to occur where they are marked, the unitary pulses of the reader were syncopating to such an extent that in no single case did they coincide with the chief accents. They seemed to occur consistently somewhere between these accents or at the end of a line. In no case were there more than two such pulses to a line. Vague muscular sensations localized the pulses in the region of the head. The tempo of the reading as a whole seemed rather fast. The tempo of the pulses themselves seemed rather slow.

"Mosaics" form a *genre*—coördinate with "spaced prose"—in which verse and prose, or the several kinds of verse and prose, alternate successively. Much of the prose of Robert Ingersoll gives us the impression of a mosaic of bits of metrical verse, the metre being changed at every breath, as if it were a conscious trick on the part of the author. Quite different are the mosaics in the *vers libre* of Edgar Lee Masters, where bits of unitary verse, metrical verse, spaced prose, and normal prose joggle up against each other constantly. Walt Whitman, the most vigorous American poet, expresses himself at times with the same uncertainty of *genre*. Long stretches of Whitman are quite tamely metrical—other stretches have a splendid free swing with sudden drops into rather futile regularity. It is only natural that we should resent in so big a personality both his paddling and his spluttering moments. We expect of him the swimming of a strong man. To what an extent "mosaics," successful and unsuccessful, occur in Masters we leave the reader to judge from the following portion of *Father Malloy*, parts of which are great "poetry":

You are over there, Father Malloy,
Where holy ground is, and the cross marks every grave,
Not here with us on the hill—
Us of wavering faith, and clouded vision
And drifting hope, and unforgiven sins.
You were so human, Father Malloy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taking a friendly glass sometimes with us,
Siding with us who would rescue Spoon River
From the coldness and the dreariness of village morality.
You were like a traveller who brings a little box of sand
From the wastes about the pyramids
And makes them real and Egypt real.

"Mosaics" of verse and prose such as are found in the writings of Paul Fort can hardly be discussed here, since the French language presents at once new problems. Its stress-patterns are dimmer than ours, and its chief accents are quite differently disposed. French does not tumble back and forth, from slow to rapid, with the athletic alacrity that is displayed in English. Hence our *vers libre* seems to be much more "free" than theirs, and so more likely to depart from the integrity of its particular *genre*.

"Blends," finally, are those types of writing in which effects not commonly found together are superimposed. For instance in the "polyphonic prose" of Amy Lowell and of John Gould Fletcher tone-color patterns—chains of rhyme and assonance and alliteration—are added to a medium which, from the point of view of rhythm alone, would be classified as a "mosaic." The addition of rhyme and pronounced "return" of thoughts and images to a passage of syncopating experience would undoubtedly affect the final rhythmic impression, with a probable reduction of syncopating coördination between the chief accents and our inner time-beats. The "gadya" prose of Sanskrit offers similar effects. So, in a way, does the Old English prose of Aelfric and later that of Richard Rolle. More recently Gertrude Stein's experiments in suggestion have been couched in what is rhythmically "mosaics," with much of the "blend" machinery. The following striking passage from Amy Lowell's *Night and Sleep* is a good example of her "polyphonic prose":

"I leave the city with speed. Wheels whirl to take me back to my trees and my quietness. The breeze which blows with me is fresh-washed and clean, it has come but recently from the high sky. There are no flowers in bloom yet, but the earth of my garden smells of tulips and narcissus."

The most signal example of a "blend," however, in which verse rather than prose forms predominate, is the poem called *Patterns*, singularly irritating to some but singularly beautiful to others. Its admirers are increasing. Here we have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a frank mosaic of metrical verse, unitary verse, and spaced prose, in which rhyme is superimposed on some of the syncopating spots. The poem, as a whole, seems to be held together by a preponderating movement of unitary verse, with patches of metre and rhyme blossoming out where the emotion appears to demand it. In other words, there is evidence of a sense of artistic propriety in whatever rhythmic vagaries occur in *Patterns* that is quite different from what we meant by the many weak lapses into metre found in Whitman. The first stanza is an adequate example of the complicated texture Miss Lowell has essayed:

> I walk down the garden paths,
> And all the daffodils
> Are blooming, and the bright blue squills,
> I walk down the patterned garden paths
> In my stiff brocaded gown.
> With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
> I, too, am a rare
> Pattern. As I wander down
> The garden path.

Shall we call this "polyphonic verse"?

Unitary verse, the elastic swing of which furnishes a key both to Miss Lowell's *Painter on Silk* and to the disputed rhythm of "Beowulf," our most ancient epic; metrical verse, in which our later poets did their singing and conjuring; spaced prose, the oratorical and "embroidering" form of syncopating experience that characterizes so much current *vers libre;* and, finally, fluid or normal prose, such as we find, for example, in Addison, in Macaulay, and, with singular perfection, in Newman—these are the four major *genres.* Mosaics and blends, polyphonic prose and polyphonic verse—these are their permutations and combinations. It is the discussion of *vers libre,* however, that has led us to our attempts at an analysis which we hope possesses some practical value for literary artists. Our heart is with all poets—metrical and free; but we are particularly indebted just now to those of our contemporaries who have instinctively composed in these *genres* and thus helped us so materially to hear, or to think we hear, not only the music of everyday language—the rhythm of its prose—but also its ancestral cadence, the forgotten swing of "unitary verse."

This lost child of our House of Rhythm, after so long wandering unrecognized through the "mosaic" paths of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the King James Version, of William Blake, of Walt Whitman, of Synge, and of Tagore's translations, is worth being rescued and presented in proper integrity. The final word as to this lies with the poets, not the critics. You have our affection—however we may glare at you in the precincts of our dungeon-laboratories. Your generation is proving its gift of fire. On the other hand, they say in France that you lack "technique" and "concentration." Isn't this partly true? Perhaps, then, you will be among the first to realize that you should feel your *genres* a little more distinctly, and having felt them help the rest of us, as the musical composer helps us, and as Miss Lowell in several instances has helped us, by employing a clearer notation, such as long lines for spaced prose and shorter lines for unitary verse, or any other device that will keep us straight as to our rhythmical whereabouts when we read you. If, in addition to this, both you and your friends of more strictly metrical persuasion—you of the flaming hearts, you to whom things magically "come"—will wait at times just a bit longer for the "one right word," be assured that D'Annunzio's "virgins vowed to St. Apollinaris" will "burn not with such an ardor in their heavens of gold" as we, your humble worshippers, shall burn in response to you. We believe in you younger poets, particularly, and in your future; for, apart from our impressions of your vigor and sincerity, surely it is a significant thing if, in your newest songs, we hear, quite suddenly, the harp of our ancestors!

WILLIAM MORRISON PATTERSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

> This mortal house
> Which we are born into, is haunted by
> The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men,
> And these take flesh again with our own flesh
> And bring us to confusion.

EVEN in a Tennysonian setting the fact is too commonplace for words. But one must have a text, a starting-point.

Also, although facts be as obvious as it is possible for them to be, their bearings are not. Their meanings to our various minds, the ideas that roll and surge about them, in which thought may grope for ever without sounding bottom, are to them as fathomless seas to the ships they carry—ships that are perfect products of their day, to become imperfect tomorrow and obsolete the day after. Also again, like these in their buffetings with elements unknown, the most indisputable statements are apt to prove disputable in time, to give way to strain, to succumb to wear and tear, to be modified, discredited, superseded by new truths that are but the offspring in another likeness of the old. Anyway, it is useless to tell us to take things as we find them. Above all is it impossible to leave things alone. We cannot do it, and live.

This mortal house that we are born into—indubitably our own, our very self, and yet pre-empted by a horde of ancestral shades that invisibly dispute possession with us at every turn—if there be one thing more than another that is of perpetual personal concern to us, it is that. These "ghosts of the dead passions of dead men" which we are born not to be governed by but to govern—this mystery of heredity that is all one with the mystery of the Universe which nobody can reasonably ask to understand, but which we are bound to explore as far as we can go—herein is inexhaustible matter for philosophic thought, and the last word will not be said while a tongue can speak or a pen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write. This pen, however, indites no treatise on the subject, but merely gives utterance to one of those little reveries to which the elderly are addicted when they become onlookers at the game of life, the onlookers who are proverbially able to see more of it than they did when they were down in the arena taking an active part themselves.

The War, which is at the bottom of all our thinking nowadays, suggests the theme. The moral earthquake which has shocked open so many closed doors in our house of life, which has let light into so many unsuspected or long-forgotten hiding-places, reveals the character of some of the inmates we have been harboring and what their claim to board and lodging and a position of high authority over us amounts to.

There, dragged into the open at last, in the forefront of them all, is the figure of that mediæval swashbuckler, survivor from the days before men had learnt the rudiments of loyalty to their race, who has terrified us out of our very wits for a generation at least—a shape of horror indescribable. Why has he been "walking" all this time as if the world belonged to him, and we have not had the sense to see what he was made of? We are like the simple citizens in the old Spanish story of the Cid. When the Cid was dead and it was desired that the people should not know it, his corpse was set on horseback, propped between boards that were hidden under his gorgeous apparel, and led through the applauding streets; the people had only to see the familiar robes and trappings to take a living body within them for granted. So have we been imposed upon by the splendid clang of the regimental band and the magnificent spectacle of the March Past, by the power of immemorial traditions, the might of the revered dead hand. "What should we do with our younger sons if we had not the Army and Navy to put them into?" the ghost of the aristocrat of feudal times admonishes us. "Take away those schools of discipline and valor, which have turned out heroes innumerable, and what semblance of a manly life is left to them?" It sounds a posing question, if you can forget that armies and navies are not maintained for the benefit of younger sons. And you must forget something. Opinions are not formed by continually moving round and round an argument in the endeavor to look at all sides at once. And the direction easiest to follow is laid down by those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ghosts of the Past who, entrenched in our house while the Modern Spirit they oppose is still an outsider, are in a position to gull or cow us. And they say War is an integral part of civilized life—always was and therefore always must and will be—and never mind if it does devote the bulk and best resources of civilization to the perpetuation of savagery, in other words to the systematic defeat of its own ends. Logic and ethics cannot plead against unalterable facts.

They are all leagued together, these ghosts of the dead passions of dead men, to bring us to confusion. Who has been persuading us that younger sons of one set of human beings cannot work with their hands and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow like the younger sons of other sets, and still be heroes if the heroic seed be in them? Why should a whole body of potentially fine young men, elder sons and younger, the former class cursed with too much, the latter with relatively too little, be tethered in unwholesome conventions and beset by subtle evil influences from which their happier fellows of the common herd are free? There are heads of "good" families who inherit with their estates a consciousness of high responsibility and labor to administer them for the benefit of others beside themselves; on the other hand there are very many who do not; and for one decent fellow provided with this job there are dozens and scores who have no job at all (outside the Army and Navy and in a rapidly lessening degree the Church) except to marry for money and enjoy themselves if they can. Suppose the "Services" closed to them, there remain as outlets for healthy activities but polo and steeplechasing, mountaineering and exploration, yachting, hunting—in short, a life of games.

And a life of games is really the life of the large bulk of the "leisured" classes (I am speaking of my own country, England), or it was so before the war; and the ghost-ridden sociologist has accepted the arrangement as part of the Constitution. But what a fine old ghost it is, apart from its high respectability, the ringleader of the spirits of dead-and-gone British sportsmen who stand for "the good old times" we are so prone to hark back to instead of attending to the times that it is our business to make better! I was myself brought up to revere the whole tradition of the Hunt. Father and mother both rode to hounds, and all my memories of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Field—the pack, the horn, the red coats flashing through the naked trees and lighting up the winter landscape—have the heroic glamor on them. But in cold fact what a cruel and childlike business! In the gallant fox-hunter rides the ghost of the primeval savage who had to defend himself from fierce animals and ran down his daily dinner, the lust of the chase surviving by centuries and centuries the need and justification for the relentless pursuit and the kill. I am sure that many a kind fellow who joys to see the poor little red beast fighting his unequal battle and being torn to pieces at the end would lift a fly out of the milk-jug rather than see it drown. As for the pleasure and benefit to the horse, of which so much is made in the defence of fox-hunting—there is another dead and dusty plea. It may tend to improve his quality for the benefit of his owners, and he may enjoy it, but solicitude for his personal advantage is not a motive to lay stress upon. We see what we have done for the horse through the ages of his association and service with us when today, with his physical strength and powers of endurance, he is above all else a bundle of panic nervousness, always in terror of what is going to happen next and with no independent idea in his head except to run away. The ghost of the uncivilized human brute is his master still, and the S. P. C. A. allows it. I do not remember ever to have seen a hunter whose tail had not been cut off almost to the base.

For the first time within living memory there was no hunting season in the winter of 1914-15, as there was no Henley regatta in August and no Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in the following March. Tremendous changes! And the Masters of Hounds with their grooms, and the landlords with their tenants, and the elder sons with the younger, all the castes that have been so careful of their boundary-lines mixed up together in the mud-filled trenches and on the blood-drenched battlefields—they are fighting for elemental Right and the Liberties of the World, and in that business the best soldier is the best man, even as regards social status. New standards of values have come in with these terrific circumstances, to the confusion of the ghosts that have done the confusing for so long.

Is their reign over? Oh, pray Heaven we are seeing at least the beginning of the end of it! Pray God we remain brothers in peace that are now brothers in arms and sink

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in that brotherhood all considerations of rank and race, creed and color—especially color, which represents one of the most mildewed and poisonous prejudices in the whole of our rotten stock. Why have we, right into these enlightened days, lumped together all the non-white peoples as "inferior races" without regard to any merit that is more than skin-deep? No reason can be found or invented except that it has been our habit to do so from time immemorial. How, we might ask ourselves, does our most conspicuous apostle of *kultur* compare with the Indian prince who, from the highest motives that can animate human action, offered unasked to the nation that had conquered him not only all his possessions but himself, to (with his traditions!) serve in the ranks with his own subjects? The Japanese man is a gentleman, tried and proved, and some whites of that rank who have been admitted into the "exclusive circles" of China have found their equals there also. All those peoples, we are apt to forget, had been civilized or at any rate highly cultivated, for ages upon ages, at a time when our forefathers were hairy savages in woods; and how have they not reproached us for our ill-breeding and our religion of words without deeds by their dignified patience under insult and the sincerity of their worship at the shrines that are their own! Whereas we have been calling them heathen and sending missionaries to them, and objecting to the tint of skins that in one case at least are the cleanest in the world. Of course, the idea of social and especially sexual intermixture with them horrifies us beyond words, although we freely admit that the science of eugenics is in its infancy as yet; but, amusingly enough, it never for a moment occurs to us that it may, with perhaps even better reason, be abhorrent to them. A Japanese gentleman provides his European guests with curtains, carpets, arm-chairs, all the stuffy things he thinks they like, but in quarters sufficiently detached from his own house to preserve the latter from contamination. With his fastidious regard for personal purity he feels that if he once admitted a relatively dirty white man into his private rooms he would never get them sweet again. A friend who has often been in large crowds of Japanese of the lower orders has told me that in closest contact they emit no odor of flesh or clothes, not to speak of their abstention from pushing and elbowing and the use of abusive language. I had myself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at one time a considerable acquaintance with the persons and manners of Japanese naval men, on their ships and ashore; high or low, and without an individual exception, they were physical health and fine courtesy incarnate. To watch the politely quiet bearing of a group of their "common" sailors on a crowded tram where white roughs of an equivalent class hustled and made fun of them was to feel very strongly that it would be well to leave off sending missionaries to the heathen and to see if we could not learn a little something from them instead. Mouldy precedents apart, the best men of the world are entitled to share and share with the best, irrespective of the color of their skins as of the color of their hair.

All the old thrones of Privilege, built for men who are now but ghosts, have been shaken to their foundations by this wild wind of destiny. They will have to be re-set, where not altogether rebuilt or altogether swept away—yes, from the bottom to the top, even to the topmost of them all. Of that, however, not much need be said. Monarchy has already (if unconsciously) come to rest on merit, except in an instance which not only proves this new-formed rule but is inevitably establishing it for all time. The outlook for the warring nations may be dark and dubious in many aspects, but if there is one clear point visible it is that no one man by virtue of a crown and sceptre will ever have the chance to make hay of the world's vital interests again. It is just a matter of words—the words that are the ghosts of things. Call King George President of the British Republic, and nothing whatever would be altered from what it is now, though we love the old name best because we are used to it. Let the Belgians, restored to their national life again, elect King Albert President of their newborn State; no title of honor could make him less honorable or more. The dignity of the one he wears is what he confers on it and not what it confers on him. When, soon or late, the World Council draws up its new Constitution (from which war is to be eliminated), it will be taken for granted that divine-right kingship is no more. The subject will be tacitly ignored as having no bearing on the deliberations. That ghost, at any rate, is "laid."

How we are governed by empty words!—thought-forms that once held something no longer there, but which we do not see is no longer there because the outside looks the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the outside is what matters to the unthinking mass of men. Take the subtlest, the most powerful, the most tenacious of these imposters—what we call "Christianity"—Christianity, that we are so anxious to convert the heathen to, because we say they cannot be saved without it—Christianity, that after two thousand years has brought the Christian world to *this!* Oh, poor Christianity, that preached brotherhood and meekness, what dastard crimes are committed in thy name! Here indeed is a ghost that does worse than lag superfluous.

When Christianity was the lovely ideal and inspiration of the peoples it came to, it meant Religion—Religion with the full significance of the capital R. Christianity was its habitation as well as its name. Christianity today is like a bottle corking up the perfume of a flower that has seeded into other fruit and other flowers; or like a pupa-case formed to last for ever on the theory that live things last for ever also without growth or change, instead of bursting out in new forms to increase and multiply. The contents have gone, but they are not lost, only elsewhere. Precious knowledge it is to the "so few" who, as Frederic Harrison puts it, "will listen to a religion that is not up in the sky," that we have Religion still, renewed, revitalised. No longer "up in the sky," whence its effect on the affairs of men has been worse than fruitless, but down on our poor diseased and blood-soaked earth itself, where it is needed and can be felt, a new Spirit of the Times moving on the face of the polluted waters, unwelcome as all new things that disturb the customary old, but here to stay and spread and work changes incalculable. The professional religionist, buttressed in his powerful traditions, does not see it or wish to see it, but it has been quietly busy under his nose this long time. It does not echo the prayers and precepts of Hebrew prophets and mediæval monks; it has no special caste; it knows no arbitrary "sacred" and "secular"; no hard-and-fast rules and regulations, no orthodoxy and heterodoxy, no thousand sects fighting one against the other, each one right and all the others wrong; no burning questions of high and low, Catholic and Protestant, this vestment or that; no consciousness of a "call" to the seat of judgment. It worships in deeds, not words; it devotes its energies and resources to the urgent business at hand—to raising the ideals of citizenship and the standards of munici-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pal, national, and international life, to increasing the common store of knowledge and developing the common intelligence to make worthy use of it, to bettering the conditions and character of mankind. In short, Religion is what it always has been and will be—unselfish goodness—which is not the same thing as the religion of church-going. Church-going in theory is the most direct incentive to goodness, but in practical result I have not found that it has the slightest effect upon conduct, while its effects on character seem often harmful, narrowing the mind and blunting the moral sense. As a clergyman's wife for over forty years I have had exceptional opportunities for observation, and I can honestly assert that this conclusion has been forced upon me quite against my will. However, it only means that Religion has outgrown the "Establishment," that it has come to another stage in its existence as a vital force to uplift the human race, as a child whose school-days are over comes to the serious business of its adult life. Certainly it does not mean that the Religion of sincerity and truth is not as substantial a fact as ever. The War itself is making proof of it. The good conscience of mankind has been called out by the shame and agony as a phoenix from flames.

What we are seeing, let us hope, is a vast Spring-cleaning, a thorough sweep-up of the dust of ages, a thorough turn-out of the holes and corners where our pernicious bogies have lurked unseen. Ghosts never "walk" in the fresh air and the open—everybody knows that; they are what doctors say tuberculosis is, essentially a house-disease. It is no use to inquire how they came into houses, flesh or stone; the origin of life itself would fall short of the ultimate, since there is no perceptible boundary line between living matter and the non-living from which it is derived; besides, all that was their business. Their own houses were their own. It is why they remain in ours, outstaying their day and usefulness, which is the question for us to consider. The doctors tell us, and we quite believe them, that the White Plague would vanish in a generation if we all took to living out of doors; so that it is quite our own fault if we keep it going. A few of us have come as near to profiting by the implied advice as irresistible adverse circumstances allowed, but in the main science has preached that gospel to deaf ears—those deafest of deaf ears that do not choose to hear (for a multitude of ghost-suggested reasons). We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

go on building our material homes on the principle of the primitive tent, instead of covering them with a roof like a ship's deck, from which rain-water could run off just as well; where, with suitable parapets and weather screens, we could largely live by day and sleep by night in light and freedom and untainted air, with the precious additional advantages of family privacy and immunity from trespassers. We continue to dwell with the microbes in unventilated rooms, and to get ill and die before our time, for no reason in the world save that it is the custom so to do—the custom as laid down by the ancestral ghosts. As houses of brick and stone last a long time, and open ground space is limited and costly and liable to the incursions of midnight cats and tramps, Heaven knows when tuberculosis will be stamped out.

Besides, there is the furniture. Has anyone fully realized how we are enslaved by our domestic equipment—also organized on the lines approved by the shadowy oracle? "So sorry," we plead regretfully, in response to attractive invitations, "but nobody else being at home I cannot leave the house;" and the invitors recognize an insuperable difficulty and say no more except to echo the regrets. What bodily and mental and spiritual profit in healthful outings, in free and happy hours, are eternally lost because we have to stay in to take care of the spoons. But there—you must have the "proper" things, and make a "proper" use of them. You must live like a gentleman, like a lady (meaning the sacred prototypes). Should one demur with a "Must you really?" the unanswerable reply is ready: "Oh, well, you know, you *have* to."

Yes, yes—we know. And you have to pay formal calls in the proper manner, although each caller tells the other, who perfectly and as a matter of course agrees with her, that it is a horrid bore. And give proper dinner parties at great labor and expense, and go to them wearily, all fine clothes and artificial smiles, when your natural impulse is to slip on a loose gown (or coat) and spend the evening with a book at your own fireside. And dress in the fashion, which with all its vagaries never forgets to make you uncomfortable in some way or another. And generally fritter away your brief time and trifle with your one opportunity, and wrong not yourself only but your family and your country and the world and the race in a thousand ways that it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impossible to touch upon. All at the instigation of a power you know to be in itself powerless, and yet yield to because others do—the others doing so because you do.

But a new day, please God, is dawning. A new era is emerging out of the hideous storm-welter of the blackest night in human history; a new world is in making for us. The darkest hour cannot shake our faith that Right is Might when all is said and done, and that precious blood poured out in its defence is never shed in vain. Liberty is going to be crowned afresh, invested with new power and authority; the enslaved nations are to be free as they never were before. We cannot doubt it—we dare not. So now is our time to break the little shackles with the big—now, or perhaps never. It is indeed the chance of our lives—of generations of lives—to Spring-clean our house, turn out the old tenants whose leases have so long expired, sweep up after them, and enter into full possession and enjoyment of what is nobody's but our own, this dear home of the soul, that should be content even if it is never to know another. So easy it would be if we all turned to, or if only enough of us would make the start! No wild exertions are called for. No violent revolutions are necessary. We have but to open doors and windows wide and let the clean fresh wind and clear light of day—*our* day—flow through. Ghosts are things of darkness and airless places; they vanish automatically when those shelters are taken from them.

At the least and worst, if we try to oust them and fail, we lose nothing. And who knows when he fails who only sees the beginnings of things and never the ends? While we are making our individual effort we are uplifting ourselves above puerilities, and that is half the battle. The mere contemplation of "higher things" takes our eyes off the lower. And no one can look away from these without arousing curiosity in the bystanders to discover what his object is. And so their eyes go upward too.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAMA AND MUSIC

MR. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS AMPLIFIES SHAW.—A NEW FRENCH OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We wish that Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams had not seen fit to disillusion us about Bernard Shaw when introducing to New York, with a journalistic preamble, his comedy *Why Marry?* One can understand Mr. Williams' anxiety to make quite clear and unmistakable to us the difference between his own outlook as a dramatist and the outlook of Mr. Shaw. This was a valuable service, and Mr. Williams, obviously embarrassed in the performance of an awkward duty, has manfully accomplished it. But we wish he had not deemed it necessary to be so frank about Mr. Shaw. Poor dear Mr. Shaw! Can he not be left to the fireside peace of his autumnal years, and cannot we who so long have affectionately companioned him be left in tranquility by such grim iconoclasts as Mr. Williams? One had supposed that even the last faint smoke-cloud of the great battle of Shaw *contra mundum* had vanished. Yet here is the ruthless Mr. Williams, indifferent to the appealing spectacle of the venerable Celt at ease in his armchair, telling us that Mr. Shaw "illustrates the limitations of the scientific attitude in his sophomoric refusal to acknowledge the existence of the things that cannot be seen and felt and demonstrated and tabulated. . . . He intellectualizes everything. . . . There is nothing in Shaw to show that he knows much of anything about the things of the spirit, the things which science has not succeeded in card-cataloguing." These deficiencies, we may infer, are supplied in Mr. Williams' own performances as a dramatist, wherein, presumably, Shaw is taken several steps further—spiritualized, humanized, made sensitively intuitive.

It is well to have these matters set in a clear light. But Mr. Williams proves too much. He should have been content to indicate thus helpfully his own depth and breadth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of view, without interning Mr. Shaw in the chilly company of "scientific" intellectualizers. Where, anyway, did Mr. Williams get the quaint notion that Shaw is exclusively cerebral? That is a hoary superstition akin to that other one which Mr. Williams is shrewd enough to ridicule: that Shaw is a "farceur," "a clever self-advertising buffoon." But Shaw "sophomoric," Shaw a victim of "the scientific attitude"! Come, come, Mr. Williams—shoot if you must "the scientific attitude," but spare that old gray head nodding by the fire, that fine gray head that has held more poetry and more romantic idealism than that of any English dramatist of his generation. Shaw an addict of "science"! Why, bless your guileless heart, Mr. Williams, Shaw is as romantic as Colonel Roosevelt and as visionary as Blake. He is an irreclaimable emotionalist, one of the great rhapsodists of the theatre, and an incorrigible poet—a poet tortured by incomparable honesty of vision. As for Mr. Williams' assurance that Shaw knows little about "the things of the spirit," that, too, is an old wives' tale unbecoming in so determined a modernist as Mr. Williams. Shaw has the mystical temper, and he has the priceless gift of ecstasy. So far from his having little flair for the things of the spirit, nothing else really interests him profoundly. Those passages of startling apocalyptic beauty that flame out in his dialogue from time to time would long since have betrayed him to everyone, were it not for the fact that beauty spoken in the modern theatre has as much chance of reaching its mark as a pea-shooter in an air-raid.

If Mr. Williams does not believe these obvious truths—which ought to be stale to him, but seemingly are not—he need only ask the youngest Vassar undergradute he knows, who will at once confirm our assertion that Mr. Shaw is now perceived to be as sentimental as Dickens, as indefatigable a student of the human heart as a Congressman up for reelection, and as flagrant a mystic as Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

We dare say the reader may wonder why we are discussing at any length Mr. Williams' opinion of Bernard Shaw. Because his views as to Mr. Shaw's deficiencies throw a helpful light upon Mr. Williams' own ideals and practices as a dramatist. Mr. Williams regrets that Shaw leaves us thirsting for a realized sense of spiritual things; he regrets that "there is nothing in Shaw to show that he knows what it means for a man and a woman to want each other." But Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Williams, clearly enough, does know these things, and is competent to exhibit them. He knows the secret language of the heart, he has heard the beatings of the spirit's wings. And what are they like, as he overhears and reports them?

Mr. Williams has written a play about marriage, a play that exhibits marriage as the various kinds of failure it is likely to be. Marriage as degrading sensual bondage; marriage as a barter of commercial and social values; marriage as respectable wretchedness for the indigent, ordered but not paid for by society; marriage as our old friend, "legalized prostitution"; marriage as a penalty; marriage as a mandate dictated but not read: marriage, briefly, as the institution which, so Mr. Nat Goodwin says in the play, is doomed, unless we all get together and do something about it.

As Mr. Williams exposes and discusses these things, they seem as true and detestable and absurd as possible. Mr. Williams is admirably untrammeled, and he has a surgical wit. His play says much that is sage and justly pondered; much that, even today, is courageous. There is an abundance of comedic efficiency in his writing; if this is an extension of "the new satire," it is, as Bill Nye said of himself, "pleasant to be thrown amongst."

But if Mr. Williams is strong in the language of satire, he is weak in the language of feeling. In the handling of sentiment, of emotion, of those "things of the spirit" in respect of which he finds Bernard Shaw so defective, Mr. Williams will give joy, one fears, to whatever discerning enemies he may have been unfortunate enough to incur. The young lover in *Why Marry?*—scientist, free-thinker, radical, —discovers one evening that his Girl miraculously returns his passion; and the next morning, over a Sunday breakfast, he tells the clergyman of the play that though he had never believed in Heaven, he knows now what it is (yes, Mr. Williams really makes him say this, with impassioned sobriety). Later on, this entrapped young radical, whom the other characters regard as a "highbrow," tells his sweetheart that when she is in his arms he fears nothing from Hell and wants nothing from Heaven. Still later, in a moment of dramatic emergency, you hear him say that he "came at the call of his mate." In short, he sounds, as most of Mr. Williams' characters sound in moments of emotional exaltation, amazingly like a novel by Laura Jean Libbey. "There is nothing in Shaw," Mr. Williams has told us, "to show that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knows what it means for a man and a woman to want each other." What it means to Mr. Williams is not easy to determine with certainty, because his report of it in his most serious dramatic moments is conveyed to us, with disaffecting frequency, in the romantic *clichés* of shop-girl fiction. It is a pity that anyone who can at times recall the wit of Mr. Shaw should revel at other times in what Lady Dunstane called "the plush of speech." It is a pity, because, if he had been as scrupulous and vigilant in his expression of feeling as he is shrewd and delightful in his manipulation of comedy, Mr. Williams might have given us, if not (as we have been told) "the most intelligent and searching satire on social institutions ever written by an American," at least a satire of uncommon point and distinction.

Why should a thin-blooded creative artist, whose imaginative quality is as unluscious as shredded wheat, try to evoke the Orient? Few composers, for example, are as wise as Beethoven, who, knowing that it was impossible for him to be musically sensuous, never attempted to express voluptuous emotion.

M. Henri Rabaud, contemporary Parisian, is less sagacious than Beethoven. Clearly destined by Heaven to be one of those who should avoid the Orient as unswervingly as Mr. Bryan avoids the bacchanalian, he has recklessly sought entrance into that spell-bound world of sultry enchantments, of violence and languor, of blazing shrillness and drowsy insinuation, of Romance under its scented aphrodisian veil. Holding carefully under his arm the bag of tonal tricks that every modern musical Frenchman can conjure with almost as skillfully as the man of genius from whom they are derived, our adventurous Parisian has boldly penetrated the walled garden of the Arabian Nights and has sought to make himself at home there. His opera, *Marouf, the Cobbler of Cairo,* is the record of his adventures there. It has recently been set before us by Mr. Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan.

Wagner, said Mr. George Moore, reminded him of "a Turk lying amid the houris promised by the Prophet to the Faithful—eyes incensed by kohl, lips and almond nails incarnadine, . . . and all around subdued color, embroidered stuffs, bronze lamps traced with inscrutable designs, . . . minarets and the dome reflected in the tide, and in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sullen sky, reaching almost to the earth, the dome and behind the dome a yellow moon—a carven moon . . . mysteriously marked, a moon like a creole, her hand upon the circle of her breast, and through that twilight the sound of fountains, like flutes far away." Now that, of course, is Mr. George Moore exulting in his virtuosity, rather than a life-like picture of Wagner (the Wagner, say, of *Siegfried* or *Meistersinger*); but it *is* a life-like picture of the things we should be reminded of by any composer intended by Nature to feel at home in the midst of the Arabian Nights. M. Rabaud, as we have intimated, was not born to feel at home in such surroundings. He seems, indeed, as ill at ease and self-conscious there, as flagrantly anachronistic, as a Watteau shepherdess at a clam-bake. It would be hard, indeed, to think of any composer now writing who is less adapted to comport himself comfortably in the East of the *Thousand and One Nights;* for he is not only thin-blooded, but he is what Arthur Symons once inadequately called Strauss: *un cérébral.*

M. Rabaud is one of that numerous brood of contemporary French music-makers who have looked too lovingly upon the enticing wine of Claude Debussy's art, and who have sought to extract its equivalent from their own inferior vineyards. It is sometimes said that Debussy has founded no school, as it has been repeatedly said of Wagner that he did not. Both dicta are absurd, except in the very limited sense that neither the old romanticist nor the new deliberately sought to create a body of disciples. In a larger sense the assertion is nonsense. The music of the two decades following Wagner's death is as redolent of Wagnerism as a sea-wind is of brine; and the music that the younger men in France and England and Russia and America have produced since *Pelléas et Mélisande* emerged on the stage of the Opéra Comique in 1902 has been steeped in Debussyism. The more potent among these epigones—men like Ravel and Dukas and Stravinsky—have contributed some ingredients of their own; but imagine, nevertheless, the *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* or *Daphnis et Chloe,* imagine *L'Oiseau de Feu,* without their groundwork of Debussyism: they become as destitute as the men of the late nineteenth century would have been without *Tristan* and *Parsifal.*

M. Rabaud, however, is not of the breed of such gifted fabricators as Ravel and Stravinsky, who, at their best, have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something to say on their own account. He is one of the horde of under-nourished Lilliputians who flock about the seductive board of Debussy, and greedily make off with his leavings. And they not only glean from Debussy's own leavings, but they glean from the leavings of those disciples who themselves are Debussy's beneficiaries. They are an anæmic and a rather contemptible crew, these little hangers-on in the banquet-hall of a genius. They are adroit and appreciative and extraordinarily clever, extraordinarily adept at making over their pilferings into ingenious substitutes for the authentic. Their expert rehashings of the substance of masterworks are quite marvellous triumphs of aesthetic gastronomy.

Take *Marouf,* for instance: here is a wing from M. Dukas' plate, here a feather from Stravinsky's Bird of Fire; and here is a bit of Mélisande's heart. And, of course, this being an *Arabian Nights* opera, we get also much second-hand exoticism—the conventionally Eastern flavors and spices that every competent tonal chef keeps in stock on his shelves: the characteristic scales and intervals and rhythms and instrumental garnishings that are to be found on the shelf marked "Local Color," in the jar labelled "Oriental."

The result is agreeable and in its way admirable. M. Rabaud is an exceedingly accomplished chef, and his taste will seem to you above reproach—except in those occasional moments when you come upon some over-sweetened bon-bon from the bourgeois table of Massenet or Gounod, the presence of which, should you indiscreetly reveal it to M. Rabaud, would mortify him deeply. For, alas, one suspects long before one comes to the end of *Marouf* that M. Rabaud's deft modernity is as inorganic as an actor's makeup.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MAY SINCLAIR'S NEW WAR NOVEL[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE children of Frances Harrison delighted her because their slender bodies were "clear and hard." Clearness and hardness: these qualities are dear to Miss May Sinclair, devoted biographer of the Harrison clan. They haunt her mind as the word "dim" used to haunt the mind of William Butler Yeats before he began to turn a suspicious eye upon all misty and shadowed loveliness.

Miss Sinclair is obviously, these days, a spiritual Imagist, adoring clearness and hardness, clean surfaces and definite edges. Her preoccupation is as plain to the eye of even the casual analyst as is the reading of neuroses to the dauntless Freudians of the tea-table. On page sixteen of *The Tree of Heaven* it is the slender bodies and the hair of Frances Harrison's four children, Dorothy and Nicholas and Michael and John, that are "clear and hard." On page one hundred and twenty-four it is Dorothy, now a young radical fearful of being drawn into the Feminist Vortex, who would keep the "clearness and hardness" of her soul—for she shuddered before the tremor and the surge of collective feeling: she loathed the gestures and movements of the collective soul. On page one hundred and eighty-five it is Michael, making experiments in "live verse," who seeks "the clear hard Reality," fearing to collapse into "the soft heap of contemporary rottenness." Page two hundred and twenty-five sees Dorothy resisting the emotionalism of the suffrage procession, and discovering that she is now victoriously "clear and hard." On the very next page Michael again has his turn, when weariness and disgust of the herd-soul have caused his face to set "clear and hard." Twenty pages fur-

[1] *The Tree of Heaven*, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1918.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther on, Michael, horrified this time by the terrible unanimity of the collective soul as he perceives it in the Futuristic Vortex, thinks of himself as standing free from it—"clear and hard in the clean air." In the brain of Nickey arise, on page two hundred and eighty, "clear, vivid images with hard outlines." Dorothy's mind is once more exposed to us, on the three hundredth page, as "clear and hard," and again as "clear and hard" on page three hundred and sixteen; and on page three hundred and seventy-three "the clear, hard, unbreakable thing" is, this time, Michael's mind.

This passionate clinging to sharpness of definition is of course, with Miss Sinclair, merely a symptom of the genuine mystic's hatred of blurred contours. For it is here that the mystic and the Imagist, formally arrayed against each other, find themselves clasping hands; and so it is possible to discover Miss Sinclair, a flagrant mystic if ever there was one, fraternizing with mysticism's dearest foes.

Her writing is full of pictures extraordinary for their clear and luminous beauty:

Of Vera, whose hair "shone like copper-beech leaves," who was easily recognized by her forehead that looked so broad because her eyebrows and her eyes were so long, by "her fine, unfinished, passionate mouth, her pointed chin; her eyes, spread wide apart under her wide forehead like dark moth's wings; they hovered, rested, flickering, vibrating to the fine tips of their corners."

Of Veronica, with her incredible maturity, "her eyes shining in her dead-white face, far back through deep crystal, . . . the sense one got of her soul poised, steady and still, with wings vibrating"; so that Michael thought, as he watched her, "Of course Veronica's soul will come down like a wild pigeon into the ash-tree in our garden, and she will think that our ash-tree is a tree of Heaven."

Of Stephen, Irish poet, playwright, essayist, "whose black hair hung forward in two masses, smooth and straight and square"; who had "sorrowful, bitter eyes, and a bitter, sorrowful mouth, the long Irish upper lip fine and hard-drawn, while the lower lip quivered incongruously, pouted and protested and recanted, was skeptical and sensitive and tender"; whose "short, high nose had wide yet fastidious nostrils" (which may lead you, for comparison, back to Mr. George Moore's *Evelyn Innes* and the portrait therein of the same illustrious dreamer.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And there was Frances herself, sitting in her terraced garden under the tree of Heaven, with the view over the Heath: Frances, who kept her mouth shut when she smiled, yet whose smile "mocked other people's solemnities": who believed in permanence because, in secret, she abhorred the thought of change, since at thirty-three she had got all the things she wanted. "Her happiness was a solid, tangible thing. She knew where it resided, and what it was made of, and what terms she held it on. There was no illusion about it."

Whenever Frances looked at her children, her mouth tightened itself so as to undo "the ruinous adoration of her eyes. . . . The bright solidity of their forms helped her to her adored illusion, the illusion of her childhood as going on, lasting for ever and ever." It was her four children who were the center of her world—chiefly her boys, Michael the poet and solitary, Nickey the subtle bright indomitable, who was always "top dog" in any encounter, and young John, whose hair was white gold. And all the time she knew that the awful thing about your children was that they were forever dying. The baby Nickey was dead, and the child Dorothy was dead, and in their places were strangers, aliens to that unique past which you would have brought back if you could. She wanted to have all their lives about her, without mutation, all going on at the same time.

You meet Frances and Anthony her husband and their four children, and certain aunts and uncles and brothers-in-law, and the adulterous Vera, and Veronica, for whom the walls of other souls were like gossamer veils—you meet them all under the tree of Heaven at Anthony's place in Hampstead. You meet them in 1895, and follow them through the time of the Boer War, and through the time of the Suffrage Vortex, and the time of the Home Rule-Ulster Vortex, and the time of the Aesthetic Vortex, up to and into the time of the Agony. Here is another novel of the War, but one with a longer background, a more deliberate prologuing, than anyone else has attempted. For elaborateness of preparation its closest analogue is Mr. Ervine's *Changing Winds*. In its concern with spiritual conflicts and precipitations it recalls inevitably *Mr. Britling*. With these two it constitutes the most deeply pondered report we have had of the behavior of the British soul since

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Terror began to stalk the world in the summer of 1914.

The special feature of this history is its impaling of a whole family upon the spit of the War. Its psychic unit is the Harrison family. Miss Sinclair has wrought as a polyphonist; her narrative is a true internal history, conducting simultaneously a many-colored web of spiritual adventures. Particularly, it studies the emotional and intellectual soil upon which the stupendous eruption poured its flaming rain. It exhibits the younger generation of Englishmen—the generation that came of age in the first decade of the new century—as they lived in those swirling, restless, seminal, ante-bellum days: those days of germinating social confrontations and crises, of emerging and dissolving intellectual vistas, those days of unexampled ferment, of immense self-consciousness. It was a generation that has been stupidly called "neurotic." It was less "neurotic," of course, than it was eager and curious and unappeased, incorrigibly challenging and experimental.

It has a restless, avid life in Miss Sinclair's electric writing. Michael and Dorothy, with their fear of the herd and its monstrous dominating soul, drawn inextricably into the Vortex—in his case, the convulsion of the new æsthetic revolt, which sucked him in although he resented its enmity to his solitary, fugitive, private soul; in Dorothy's case, the Feminist upheaval, which, though its "swaying and heaving and rushing forward of the many as one, the tremor and surge of collective feeling," repelled and sickened her, at the same time held her fascinated on the edge of the whirlpool. Nickey, with his subtle, Puck-like temperament, his riant stoicism. Veronica, with her abiding, frail mysteriousness, her fourth-dimensional soul: Miss Sinclair denotes and discriminates them all with triumphant lucidity, and assembles them with sacrificial tenderness for the Thunderbolt. These preparatory chapters (they absorb two-thirds of the book) are remarkable—remarkable for their probing and sensitive comprehension, their veracity and charm, their fineness and elasticity of texture, their recurrent loveliness of mood and indication.

But Miss Sinclair disappoints in what should have been (in the convenient speech of the theatre) her Big Act. Her manipulation of the War is conventional and formularistic. One had suspected her of nursing for her Big Act a precious opportunity: the chance to exhibit the inadequacy of "soli-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary, fugitive, private souls" in the light of a spreading communal awareness. The larger human and social commitments of the War—the vast emancipations and renovations that, God willing, are the smouldering dawn behind its appalling night: these implications concern her, at the climacteric moment of her history, not at all, though earlier you had seemed to feel her groping toward them. Instead, she writes with her mind wholly engaged and exalted by the spectacle of private sublimations—almost you fancy that you hear the voice of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Almost—but not quite. For the essential distinction of this book, that comes near to yielding compensation for its restricted humanism, is its saturation in spiritual beauty—its continued response to a sense of exquisite certitudes that haunt it like remembered music.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE. By Edward E. Hale, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1917.

Humanity, wholesomeness of mind, the joyousness of right living —these are the qualities that most appeal to one in the letters of Edward Everett Hale.

With the adequate connective narrative supplied by the editor, the letters fill two large volumes. They are, from the purely literary point of view, a trifle disappointing. Considering Dr. Hale's effectiveness as a preacher and his rare gift as a fictionist, the letters contain fewer suggestive views or entertaining discoveries, or penetrating appreciations of men and things, than one might anticipate. They are, for the most part, simple, unceremonious accounts of the writer's activities and interests.

But if one misses in these pages the art of the epistolary essayist or critic, this fact only serves to call attention to something more important—the strong impression produced by the record as a whole. The two volumes of the *Life and Letters* preserve as fully as may be Dr. Hale's character and example, and they supply the best possible equivalent for personal knowledge of him.

His personality is diffused through the narrative and letters—the personality of a man who learned in good time how to live, how to rule and coördinate the impulses of a complex nature, how to free himself from the littleness and hypocrisy and unreality of ordinary living—how to be (ambiguous term!) "sincere." The significance of the narrative is felt as a continual demonstration of the fact that liberal Christianity, in the manifold relations, both private and public, of a life not narrowly ministerial, does, in the pragmatic sense, really "work."

Even the accounts given of Dr. Hale's literary tastes and methods confirm this impression. His stories always had a rather definite human meaning; they were frequently based upon a fantastic idea, capable of the most entertaining developments; they were invariably worked out with a Defoe-like verisimilitude that testified to the author's love for "transforming machinery into life."

The ethical motive in his fiction, to be sure, can be stressed too much. To suppose that Dr. Hale wrote his stories as a moralist or sermonizer, would be to miss the very point of his life—his success, that is, in making life religious and religion vital, that concreteness and actuality of his which saved him from self-consciousness and formalism in every thing that he said or did. No more than O. Henry, who, like him, used to breathe the breath of life into whimsical plots

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

based on sound ideas, was he a moralist disguised as a fiction-writer.

Beyond pointing out the cumulative effect of personality which the letters convey, it seems scarcely profitable to attempt to characterize the story told in the *Life and Letters*. It is a story variously interesting, of course, zestful in its record of manifold achievements, appealing in the kindliness, the liberality of thought, the practical idealism that are everywhere displayed in it. But it is not a story the qualities of which can be justly displayed by quotation of particular passages or by a bare recital of deeds. In the main, the impression conveyed is simply one of unity of character, resulting in personal effectiveness; but there are indications, too, of the "elements" out of which, as the saying is, the man's character was "formed," and these bits of analysis, or of material for analysis, must in some sort be summarized as being not the least interesting features of the work, serving, indeed, to enhance the meaning of Dr. Hale's life.

In the first place, then, one notes that Edward Everett Hale in youth showed no powerful bent toward the kind of life that he afterwards led. Before becoming a minister and a leader of men, he was simply a normal, level-headed young man of scholarly and literary tastes and of winning personality. He "thought Mr. Emerson half crazy; disliked abolition, doubted as to total abstinence, and in general, followed the advice of [his] Cambridge teachers, who were from the President down to janitor, all a hundred years behind their time." He was not especially interested in the anti-slavery movement, though he greatly admired one of its leaders, Dr. John G. Palfrey. Even of the ministry he had at first no very exalted conception, thinking of it simply as an occupation that afforded an excellent opportunity for a man of intelligence to indulge scholarly and literary tastes while at the same time helping and advising others.

Needless to say, his ideas were in later life greatly enlarged. Before he had been long the pastor of the Church of the Unity at Worcester he had formed in his mind the ideal, toward which he ever afterwards strove, of the church as an active social factor in American life. In a speech delivered at some religious anniversary in Worcester he is reported to have said that he "knew very little about the negative side of Unitarianism and never succeeded in understanding it or explaining it. Its positive side gave him more to do than he ever did and suggested all he had to say at the meeting. The business of the church was positive." When, in 1856, he accepted the call to Boston, he already felt that the work of a minister should not be confined to the pulpit or the parish. "I soon saw," he wrote in 1865, "that the man who meant to move the community by moral agencies for its good, needed a wider base for his operations than any deference given to the pulpit, even in its best successes, would give him. My theory is that the pulpit gives a man the influence which he must use in other walks and spheres, than the pulpit alone." How his activities widened, how he employed every faculty of his versatile mind, including his literary gift, in the service to which he felt himself called, how he became a pioneer in social work and an effective worker for what he called "the New Civilization," need not here be told.

The significant thing in all this is not that the man's nature was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transformed, but rather that it was unified and coördinated. Dr. Hale's tastes and talents, his interests and enjoyments, remained various. He continued to be in a certain sense conservative. No more than in college days was he, in any strict sense, a Transcendentalist. Far from being subdued to what he worked in, he seems to have lived a richer and more intense personal life than ever. His usefulness, therefore, was built upon a broad foundation of normal humanity. In other words, one may say that in him the natural all-around man, rational in thought and virtuously epicurean in tastes, was reconciled with the religious enthusiast.

This reconciliation was one of two important adjustments which seem to have taken place in him. The second of these was the reconciliation of the individualist with the altruist. Individualism he came by honestly from his New England ancestry. In youth it was one of his prominent characteristics and it continued to be so in his mature life. Though Dr. Hale was a great organizer, organization as such did not especially appeal to him, because organization is machinery and machinery cramps individual initiative. The ideas that we now name "efficiency" or "scientific management" did not attract him. What he liked to do was to "transform machinery into life." Among his writings, if *The Man Without a Country* presents the claims of the life in common, *My Double and How He Undid Me* urges, though with a humor that is the sign of reconcilement, the claims of the individual life. Thus Dr. Hale's ideal of service did not destroy, but simply controlled, his independent personality. In his nature, the individualist and the altruist both had elbow-room.

The summing-up of these considerations, though rather obvious, is perhaps worth making. Dr. Hale, admittedly a man of rare gifts, was the reverse of what we ordinarily call a genius—that is, he did not, as the genius does, follow an inward impulse of a special kind without knowing how or why. Nor was he, except in one way, a profound thinker: he was not one of those who continually grope, as some must do, for hidden meanings, who create for themselves problems, or who find that their ideals are "bitter gods to follow." But he was one of the wisest of men in that he settled with himself the great essential questions of living, letting the more abstruse questions go; and he was one of the best of men because he lived, consistently, energetically, and with an unobstructed will, according to his faith. His way of life, though not imitable in its special features by men of smaller minds and weaker powers, seems in principle so much the best way for most of us that his *Life and Letters* are as good as a philosophy.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE. By John Spencer Clark. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1917.

The life of John Fiske was contemporary with a tremendous forward movement in human thought. The rapidity of this advance is strikingly indicated by the experience of Fiske himself, first as a student and then as a lecturer in Harvard College. In 1861, when he was a junior in the college, young Fiske was threatened by President

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Felton with expulsion if he should be found guilty of disseminating Positive or Evolutionary ideas among the students. Later, on the invitation of President Eliot, he delivered at Harvard a notably successful series of lectures upon the once forbidden theme. In the University there had occurred within a period of eight years a complete revolution; and although in the world outside prejudice against the new philosophy as irreligious continued for a long time to be formidable, the battle for freedom of thought was in effect already won.

The full liberalizing influence of the new movement, John Fiske understood and interpreted better, perhaps, than any other man of his time; and his life and letters are of the greatest interest not only because they show the progress of the Evolutionary idea, but also because they enable one to understand those qualities of mind and heart that made John Fiske so able a mediator between science and religion.

As an interpreter and popularizer of liberal philosophic thought, Fiske may be not improperly compared with Emerson, whose order of ideas seemed to Fiske old-fashioned, and with William James, who in Fiske's own time was introducing a newer fashion in philosophy. All three men preached a kind of lay gospel; all three lifted burdens from men's minds and thus earned the affectionate regard of their readers; all three possessed a remarkable individual power of expression.

It is as the principal expounder of the religious implications of Evolution that John Fiske joins hands with Emerson. In 1838 Emerson had written in his diary an account of his idea of God which Fiske afterwards endorsed as expressing exactly that conception which he had himself endeavored to set forth in his writings, and which, so far as its temper and style is concerned, might readily be mistaken for a passage from one of Fiske's own letters. But Emerson belongs to the pre-scientific period of philosophy, and in Evolution as a theory supported by scientific evidence he appears to have had no interest.

It is as a scientific philosopher that Fiske comes into comparison with James. The two men had much in common. But James went in speculation far beyond the scope of the Cosmic Philosophy and indeed came in time to reject a part at least of what Emerson had never troubled himself to understand. His strictures upon the Evolutionary philosophy are well known.

The work of John Fiske, if far less original, appears to be more firmly based, and if the Cosmic Philosophy, even more conspicuously than Pragmatism, fails to say the last word about metaphysical problems, it remains nevertheless valuable in its entirety as a formulation and development of the widest and most fertile generalization that has been made in modern times.

From youth onward, John Fiske had a singularly prosperous mental development. He was always, as De Quincey said of himself, an "intellectual creature"—and as healthy-minded as he was intellectual. His boyish letters zestfully trace his mental progress, reflecting the character of "a boy who loved knowledge and his mother in about equal proportions." At the age of eleven he was studying geometry and logic, and had read four books of Cæsar, eight books of Virgil,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four orations of Cicero, and a considerable amount of Greek. His appetite for knowledge was voracious; yet when one of his masters forbade him to study during play time he was boy enough to turn with delight to the pleasure of outdoor life.

Naturally thorough and systematic in everything he did, young Fiske before entering college received, in a limited number of subjects, a training that would now be considered inordinately severe, while his own interest led him to do a large amount of reading in history, philosophy, and the then neglected sciences. Yet he seems never to have become sated, and, unlike J. S. Mill, he experienced no unpleasant reaction in after life.

That power of simple and lucid expression which afterward won him so much admiration from men like Darwin and Huxley, as well as from the general public, was evident in him even in youth. Letters of his, written as early as his thirteenth year, are perfectly correct and coherent in style—though by no means stiff or priggish—and except for the simplicity of the subject-matter show no signs of the writer's immaturity.

When at the age of eighteen John Fiske entered Harvard as a Sophomore, he already possessed a thoroughly trained mind. His regular college studies he found rather easy, and although he never unduly slighted these, he devoted no small part of his energy to the enlargement of his knowledge and the settling of his convictions through independent reading and thought. He was not long in finding himself. Before he was twenty-two, he had entered upon what proved to be his career by writing those essays upon Buckle's historical theories and upon the evolution of language which so impressed Professor Youmans that he searched the young author out and induced him to open correspondence with Herbert Spencer.

It was one of Fiske's great merits as a writer upon philosophy that without undue simplification of his ideas he was always able to make his meaning wonderfully clear and interesting even to those who had little previous acquaintance with the subjects of his discourse. Unlike Spencer, he was an artist in words and not a mere logic-grinder. As regards this matter a passage in a letter written to Fiske by Darwin, who had just been reading the *Cosmic Philosophy,* is illuminating. "With the exception of special points," wrote the modest founder of the theory of evolution, "I did not even understand H. Spencer's general doctrine, for his style is too hard work for me. I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are; and I think I understand nearly the whole—perhaps less clearly about Cosmic Theism and Causation than other parts."

Expository skill and logical clearness, however, could not alone have given Fiske his strong appeal. His power lay quite as much in the fact that he felt the need, and saw the possibility, of reconciling religion with science.

Here again he differed from Spencer, who seems to have been quite indifferent as to the effect of his doctrine of "the Unknowable" upon religious belief. Apropos of this difference, it is amusing to observe how warily Spencer in some of his earlier letters to Fiske avoided committing himself as to the religious implications of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friend's ideas. That he did finally endorse these implications is a high tribute to Fiske, and the endorsement is in itself worth quoting, not only because it is characteristic in form, but also because it is perhaps the warmest utterance ever reported to have fallen from the lips of a man whose temperament seems to have been as frigid and dry as a winter's day in the Northland. At the close of his visit in America, Spencer was given a farewell dinner at which Fiske delivered an address upon the philosophic relation of the doctrine of Evolution to religion. "Fiske," cried Spencer, when the speaker had finished, "should you develop to the fullest the ideas you have expressed here this evening, I should regard it as a fitting supplement to my life-work."

To do the work that Fiske did a man was needed who was at the same time sternly scientific in mind and deeply religious in temperament. It was by reconciling the differences in his own nature that Fiske became able to cheer and elevate the minds of many to whom the antagonism between religion and science seemed unutterably depressing. How deep and sensitive his nature really was one cannot fully understand without reading in the *Life and Letters* the story of his religious experience and the account of his inner struggle to free himself from dogma while preserving faith. Moreover, his artistic temperament—which revealed itself in a love of music that led him to study the art of musical composition, and which made itself apparent in many poetic passages of his writings—is seen to have been a considerable if not indispensable element of his greatness.

Besides setting forth with great fulness and coherence a wealth of interesting facts regarding Fiske's ancestry, the course of his life, his habits and modes of thought, the *Life and Letters* is richly rewarding in the familiar delineations it gives of such notable men as Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Lewes. Mr. Clark has done thorough and thoughtful work. His narrative is not merely a setting for Fiske's letters, but a well considered biography broadly and variously interesting.

THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.

Except for the frequent employment of the phrase "We Germans," the earlier chapters of *The Coming Democracy* read almost as if they had been written by an American or by an Englishman: they have indeed precisely the same tone of righteous indignation, precisely the same overwhelming argumentative massiveness, which have become familiar to Americans in a multitude of "war books." They are even a trifle tedious to a reader already well versed in the literature of the subject with which they deal. For the unfortunate fact is that within the space of a few years Prussian bad faith and Prussian medievalism have become almost outworn subjects for discourse—though by no means outworn motives for action. It is scarcely more possible to write anything fresh or startling upon these subjects than it would be to compose an original and moving address upon the atrocities of Nero. The issues between Imperial Germany and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democratic Allies, have passed beyond the sphere of judicial discussions. Our minds are now made up, and what we heed most now are encouragements and aids to effective action. Thus, so long as Mr. Fernau speaks from the point of view of the enemies of Germany —so long as he confines himself to demonstrating the responsibility of the Imperial Government for the world war, to piercing the shallowness and inconsistency of German pretexts and justifications, to exposing the spirit of the German dynasty and of the German military class,—we approve him, indeed, because he, as a German citizen, sees and courageously expresses what we as American citizens have for a long time seen and expressed without hesitation; but we are not greatly enlightened or thrilled.

Books which go more deeply into these matters are available to all readers—treatises which fully and dispassionately refute German claims by analyzing diplomatic correspondence and historic facts, studies of German social and political life which reveal with clearness the German conception of the State and the superficial character of German liberties and German social reforms. Upon some questions, moreover, the author deliberately, and perhaps wisely, refrains from touching more than incidentally. He says nothing, for example, about the Prussian Constitution, the Prussian franchise and Upper House, the privileged position of the Junkers in the Prussian political system, or the Prussian policy in Poland. On these features of the German system the controversialist will find more facts unfavorable to the Imperial Government even in Prince von Buelow's *Imperial Germany* than in this book of Mr. Fernau's.

Furthermore, the author is obviously too sincere, too hopeful, a German patriot ever to be quite happy when he writes from the standpoint of *J'accuse*. His moral indignation lacks the point of stinging satire or the probing penetration of intellectual contempt.

But when Mr. Fernau begins to write as in some sort the spokesman of a section of the German people, when his voice seems to become the voice of that truer Germany which we hope exists, when he adopts the point of view expressed in the title of his earlier book, *Because I Am a German,* then he interests and moves us in the highest degree.

Two things are firmly believed by perhaps a majority of the German people today. The first is the theory of the Imperial Government,—a theory supported by sophistical reasoning and fabricated evidence,—that the war is from the German point of view a *defensive* war. The second is that German progress and prosperity has been absolutely dependent upon the successful carrying out of the policies of the German Imperial Government.

Neither of these beliefs is indicative of a hopeless perversion of character. When a people in which the fear of invasion is deeply ingrained is assured that it has been attacked and is immediately thereafter mobilized; when patriotic citizens have been worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiastic self-sacrifice over a "holy defensive war," what likelihood is there that, after the struggle has begun and while the enemy is doing his utmost in the way of apparent aggression, the rank and file will coolly reconsider their views? And since the unification of Germany through the warlike policy of Bismarck, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the militarism and centralization of the nation after his time, has seemed even to foreign observers so indisputably to account for German success in various fields, how can one expect Germans themselves to take a contrary attitude? Could they possibly see that "if Bismarck had welded the German races into national unity without any war, the national prosperity of Germany would, thanks to the genius of the German merchant and technologist, have developed just as brilliantly . . . as it did through Bismarck's annexation and armament policy"?

Such questions are powerfully suggested by Mr. Fernau's discussion and they are certainly not altogether wanting in pertinence. Much more to the point, however, are certain passages which go far toward convincing the reader that much of what is advanced as gospel truth by the Imperial Government and that is officially taught and promulgated, is not believed by the German people as a whole. Though the people of Germany are grievously mistaken about many things, they are not, according to Mr. Fernau, by any means insane.

"The simple German instinctively felt that a danger and a reaction were concealed in the events of the past forty years, but he could not and dared not realize the secret opposition which necessarily arose in a feudal military state like Prusso-Germany between dynastic rights and privileges and nineteenth-century notions of civil law." Repression both kept him in ignorance and enforced a sometimes unwilling outward conformity to the official view. Consequently, that conception of law, civil and international, which in most civilized countries has passed into political practise, "remained in Prusso-Germany punishable, *even as a theory.*"

Repression and arbitrary direction, too, very largely explain that rigidity of form and that repellent spirit of force-worship which prevails in most phases of German art and culture. This art, this culture is, in fact, not true Germanism, but "merely the will-to-power of the dynasty expressed in scientific and artistic forms." The unfortunate result has been that "almost everything that has been said about German culture in France, England, and Italy, since the beginning of the war, is false; because it is impossible for the people of those countries to conceive that the national idea of right and of culture can be a dictate from above and consequently they believe that it emanates from the people."

Nevertheless, despite the official dictation and the official falsification, despite the natural disposition of the average German to reverence the wisdom of his political rulers, to accept the teachings of the learned as gospel truth, to bow humbly to the expert in all departments of knowledge, freedom of thought and of conscience in Germany, declares Mr. Fernau, is by no means dead. "The fact is," he writes, "that we Germans for the last hundred years have not dared to be what we actually are and would like to show ourselves; namely, the descendants and the upholders of the classical Germanism of Leibnitz, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Humboldt, Uhland." Among private individuals, sitting at their firesides, this older Germanism, we are told, still prevails; public expression of it is cut off by the dread of certain paragraphs in the penal code. Thus, when Germans begin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to speak or write for the public, they "execute veritable egg-dances in order to avoid the necessity of speaking the truth."

But perhaps this love of older and better ideals represents only a feeble and flickering sentiment, while the real convictions of the people do in fact, as they seem to do, support the policy of the dynasty. To such a supposition Mr. Fernau would reply, first, that, according to his own personal knowledge, "two-thirds of the German electorate have a horror of a war of conquest, secretly condemn the crimes committed against Belgium, and can only conceive the world-war as the result of Cossack invasions, bombs dropped by aviators, and 'actual attacks'"; secondly, that there is in Germany no large party which desires the monarchy for its own sake; thirdly, that on every occasion on which the majority of the people has been allowed to express its views upon vital questions it has disapproved the policy of the Government; finally, that if in 1914 Germany had had a responsible parliament, truly representing the people, there can be no manner of doubt that the military class would have been unable to commit the country to war.

It is not without reason, perhaps, that Americans during the last year or so have become somewhat less receptive to the message of Mr. Fernau's book than they would have been at the time when the author began to write. "Make no mistake," we have been exhorted; "we are fighting the whole German people, and they are heart and soul against us." Still, we may hope; still, we may retain a certain faith in human nature; still we may feel encouraged to believe that the coming of democracy in Germany will find a majority of the German people far more ready to accept it than we had hitherto supposed. Moreover, Mr. Fernau's right-minded and fervent, if perhaps too optimistic, vindication of the soul of the German people, fits in admirably with that distinction which President Wilson as the spokesman of America drew between the German people and the rulers of Germany.

CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE. By Herman J. Heuser, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1917.

In this puzzling world there are few intellectual experiences that are more enjoyable and beneficial than acquaintance with a man whose personal qualities enable one, not to forget, but to transcend, differences of creed. A most religious man, a sincere Catholic, Canon Sheehan impresses the non-Catholic reader of his books as a great human being, and the more so for being a Catholic, for his religion is an inseparable part of him. To Protestants as well as to Catholics, therefore, his life-story should prove appealing and profitable.

Patrick Sheehan was born in the year 1852, in County Cork. At the age of fourteen he was sent to St. Colman's College, a preparatory training school in the diocese of Cloyne, in which school he was fitted for entrance to the philosophical department of the Theological Seminary at Maynooth.

After completing his studies, he was appointed to the English mission. He went first to the Plymouth diocese and then as curate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Exeter. For a time he was administrator in Exeter Parish. In 1887 he returned to Ireland to take up the duties of a village curate. In 1881 he was called to the Cathedral in Queenstown, but later, after an illness, he was sent back to his native parish. From 1895 to the day of his death he was Parish Priest of Doneraile. Towards the close of his life he received from the Pope the degree of Doctor of Divinity and from the Bishop of his own diocese an appointment as Canon of Cloyne Chapter.

A man of learning and of finely tempered culture, Canon Sheehan was first and always a priest. Just what being a priest meant to him, may best be told in his own words: the vocation to the priesthood he summarized as "the virtue of loving men and the talent of making them know it." His character—so largely the expression of this thought—is beautifully portrayed in his letters and in Doctor Heuser's narrative.

What this thoughtful and fine-spirited man wrote on general questions may be read with pleasure and advantage by those of another faith and a different point of view. His somewhat critical discussions, for example, of Catholic education, and of emigration from Ireland to America as seen from the viewpoint of the Church, are thought-provoking.

In all his writings,—letters, essays, and novels,—an idealistic and poetic spirit makes its influence felt in pleasant and seemly ways; and his fiction is really remarkable—almost *sui generis*—in its happy delineations of priestly life and in its shrewd and sympathetic delineations especially of Irish peasant character. "The supernatural shines vividly through almost every character," wrote one critic concerning *My New Curate;* "nevertheless, there is not a goody-goody line in it." Of the same novel, Joel Chandler Harris wrote to his daughter: "I am glad your teacher enoyed the book, *My New Curate.* It is a piece of real literature, and is the finest book I have read in many a day."

Canon Sheehan's breadth of thought may be indicated with approximate fairness by quoting some passages from a letter he wrote to his intimate friend, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Would you be surprised to hear that in what you say about intellect you come very near the dogmatic teaching of the Church, especially as revealed in the late Papal Encyclical against 'Modernism.' . . . It is a condemnation of 'emotionalism' or 'intuitionalism,' as the sole motive of faith. The Church takes its stand upon reason as the solid foundation on which Faith rests. . . . But, as you say, intellect has its limitations, which we are all painfully conscious of; and therefore if we are to reach the Truth, there must be some other avenue. This we call faith. . . . If we accept 'intellect' alone as the norm and standard of truth, we drift at once into the belief that all knowledge is relative, and there is no absolute truth. This won't do! The Absolute Mind alone can discern absolute Truth. The moment you speak of limitations, or say 'we cannot know,' you admit that. Therefore, what we can know about the Universe is just what reason verifies and what Absolute Truth has *chosen* to reveal." The whole letter is profoundly interesting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

X

(December 4—January 3)

THE ninth month of American participation in the World War opened with a technical extension of our responsibilities through a formal declaration of war against "the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Government," upon the ground that it "has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States." The joint resolution making this declaration passed the Senate on the afternoon of December 7, after a very brief debate, by a unanimous vote. Several Senators who opposed the declaration of war against Germany voted for this resolution. Senator La Follette left the Senate chamber while the debate was proceeding and returned just after the vote had been taken. He explained then that he had gone to his office to draft an amendment to the resolution, embodying a declaration that the United States would not agree to depriving Austria-Hungary of any territory which it held on August 1, 1914. If that amendment had been accepted he would have voted for the resolution, otherwise he would have voted against it.

In accordance with the recommendations of the message of the President the declaration was confined to Austria-Hungary, and did not include Bulgaria and Turkey, although there was strong sentiment in both Senate and House for such inclusion. In the Senate the vote was 74 ayes and no nays. In the House, which voted a few minutes after the Senate did, there were 365 ayes, including the lady from Montana, Miss Rankin. One negative vote was recorded in the House, that of Meyer London, Socialist, of New York.

While the United States was thus extending the range of its war activities, and making new efforts toward the effective organization of its war resources, the peace talk that has accompanied all operations in Europe for many months took on more volume and a little more possible direction than ever before. This was due, in chief part, to the Russian collapse and the attempts of the Germans to secure the largest and most immediate advantage from that situation. The peace conference, preparations for which occupied a considerable share of public attention the world over for several weeks, met formally at Brest-Litovsk on December 22. It was attended by delegations from Germany, headed by von Kuehlmann, the Foreign Minister; Austria-Hungary, headed by Count Czernin; Bulgaria, Turkey and Russia. The Russians submitted terms including: 1. No annexations, and prompt evacuation of occupied territory. 2. Restoration of political independence to nations that have lost it during the war. 3. Right of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self-definition for non-independent national groups. 4. Defense of rights of minorities in mixed nationalities through educational freedom and administrative autonomy where possible. 5. No contributions. Private losses to be indemnified from general fund contributed by all belligerents. 6. No economic boycotts. Self-determination for colonies.

Pending the reply of the Teutonic delegates to these proposals the Kaiser addressed the second German army, on the French front, saying: "If the enemy does not want peace then we must bring peace to the world by battering in with the iron fist and shining sword the doors of those who will not have peace."

On Christmas day Count Czernin, for the Teutonic allies, submitted a response to the Russian statement purporting to accept the principle of no annexations and no indemnities, but declaring that the Russian proposals "could be realized only in case all the Powers participating in the war obligate themselves scrupulously to adhere to the terms, in common with all peoples." Political independence to be restored to those nations which lost it during the war, but self-definition of non-independent peoples "must be solved by each Government, together with its peoples, in a manner established by the Constitution." Furthermore, "the protection of the rights of minorities constitutes an essential component part of the constitutional rights of peoples to self-determination." The Teutons were ready to renounce indemnification for war costs and war damages, but each belligerent must pay the expenses for maintenance of its war prisoners "as well as for damage done in its own territory by illegal acts of force committed against civilian nationals belonging to the enemy." This last clause was apparently laying a foundation for use in the case of settlement for Belgium.

As to the last clause of the Russian terms, covering colonies, Germany, being the only one of the Teutonic allies possessing colonies, replied alone, with the assertion that "the return of colonial territories forcibly seized during the war constitutes an essential part of German demands, which Germany cannot renounce under any circumstances." Germany also declared that the right of self-determination, as far as her colonies were concerned, "is at present practically impossible." The Russian principles of economic relations were approved wholly and claimed as their own by the Teutons.

The submission of this statement by the Teutonic allies caused the Russians to ask for a ten days recess of the conference in order that they might submit the proposal to their allies. As this is written the cable reports that the Russian delegates have broken off negotiations and returned to Petrograd because of German insistence on holding strategic points in Poland and elsewhere.

Not a ripple was produced in Washington by this German peace move. The only opinion expressed by public officials and prominent men generally was that it was best to follow the leadership of the President. The White House maintained absolute silence on the subject. It was obvious that the essential requirement for peace laid down in the President's reply to the Pope, when he declined to treat with the present German Government because it is not to be trusted, is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attempted to be met by the Brest-Litovsk proposal. Our European allies, having accepted the President's leadership and statement of war aims on previous occasions, seem disposed again to await his response to the invitation from Brest-Litovsk.

While our enemies are manœvering to obtain the utmost possible advantage, by peace or otherwise, from the collapse of Russia, our own preparations for effective war making are progressing with materially increased speed. The close of the month was signalized by the issuance of a proclamation by the President, on December 26, putting all the railroads of the country under Government control for the period of the war, and appointing William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, to be Director General of Railroads. This action was taken under authority of the act of August 29, 1916,—the army appropriation act—which empowers the President, "in time of war . . . to take possession and assume control of any system or systems of transportation, or any part thereof, and to utilize the same, to the exclusion, as far as may be necessary, of all other traffic thereon, for the transfer or transportation of troops, war material and equipment, or for such other purposes connected with the emergency as may be needful or desirable."

The Director General was empowered by the President to perform the duties laid on him through the directors and other officials of the railroad systems, and except as the Director General's orders provide the roads remain subject to existing laws and the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to the orders of the regulating commissions of the various States. But the orders of the Director General are specifically made paramount.

Of utmost importance to the roads themselves was the paragraph of the proclamation providing that the Director shall negotiate with the roads for "just and reasonable compensation for the possession, use and control of the respective properties on the basis of an annual guaranteed compensation above accruing depreciation and the maintenance of their properties, equivalent, as nearly as may be, to the average of the net operating income thereof for the three year period ending June 30, 1917."

Director General McAdoo assumed control of the roads under this proclamation at noon on December 28, but for the purposes of accounting the Government control did not begin until midnight of December 31.

It had been apparent throughout the month that something of this kind was soon to come. On December 5 the Interstate Commerce Commission submitted a special report to Congress pointing out the necessity of operating the railroads of the country in a unified system in order to solve the perplexing problem of furnishing adequate transportation during the war. Two alternatives were suggested by the Commission. One involved special legislation permitting conjoint operation under the existing management of the roads. This necessitated the repeal or suspension of the anti-trust and anti-pooling laws so far as they applied to combinations of railroads, for both Federal and State laws stand in the way of such a combination of railroads as is necessary to carry out the plan. The other suggestion was for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President to take over control of the roads under the act of August 29, 1916. The Commerce Commission suggested that if this were done Congress should provide ample return to the roads for upkeep, betterments and use while under Government operation.

The Commission advised Congress in this report that if the roads were to continue to operate under their own control it would still be necessary for the Government to assist in financing them, because of heavily increased expenses, and because of Government occupation of the securities market with bond sales for war expenses and for loans to allies. Even if the fifteen per cent increase of freight rates asked by the roads were granted by the Commission they would find difficulty in providing adequate war service.

The railroads had been operating under a voluntary coöperative agreement effected early in April. The Railways War Board, consisting of a committee of railroad executives selected by the roads, under the chairmanship of Fairfax Harrison, head of the Southern Railway, believed that the voluntary system of unification was adequate to secure maximum efficiency. Mr. Harrison pointed out that no interest had declined, for selfish reasons, to respond to the requirements of the coöperative organization. He declared that the roads needed a Government traffic manager, to represent all Government departments and secure the prompt and orderly transportation of Government traffic and avoid the excessive, wasteful and hampering issuance of preference orders, which had been the chief cause of congestion and delay in transportation. The roads also needed supplies and equipment which had been ordered and which they were ready to pay for. But priority orders were needed to obtain the 3,800 locomotives and 33,000 cars under order. Also 2,000 additional locomotives and 150,000 cars would be needed for 1918. An increase in rates was needed to meet the increase in operating expenses, but Government aid was needed also in providing new capital for equipment.

The necessity of operating the railroads of the country in a unified system was emphasized by the inability of the Fuel Administration to prevent coal shortage and famine in different sections, despite all that could be done through priority orders and through such efforts as could be exerted in the absence of complete control. Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, told the Senate committee which was investigating the coal situation that the policy of competition which had been adopted by the United States had made impossible the employment of the railroads in one combined system, but that such employment of the roads was essential to the relief of the fuel shortage.

The first order of Director McAdoo was a telegram to all railroad presidents and directors requesting them to "move traffic by the most convenient and expeditious routes." Thus the pooling of the railroads was made effective. Mr. McAdoo asked the Railways War Board and all the coöperating committees formed under it to remain in service "for the present." Three days later, however, he accepted the resignations of the Board and appointed an Advisory Committee headed by John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, with whom are associated Hale Holden, president of the Burlington, a member of the old Railways War Board; Henry Walters of the Atlantic Coast Line;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Edward Chambers and Walker D. Hines of the Santa Fé. He also appointed A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, to be supervisor of the trunk lines in the East and North, and Mr. Smith issued his first orders aimed at clearing up all congestion.

Mr. McAdoo accompanied these moves by orders annuling all previously issued priority orders and abolishing the authority of army and navy officers in supply and other bureaus to "blue tag" Government shipments and demand priority for them. He prescribed also the abandonment, as far as practicable, of long-haul passenger trains to and from New York which interfere with freight traffic; the common use of Pennsylvania tracks, tunnels and station in New York, for freight traffic, and the common use of railroad owned water carriers at New York and New Jersey freight terminals.

The immediate purpose of these orders was to relieve the freight congestion and put an end to the coal shortage that was nearing the famine point in and about New York City. As Mr. McAdoo was issuing these orders, C. C. McChord, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was testifying before the Senate railroad investigating committee that the priority order system had increased railway congestion instead of relieving it. He said that more than half the shipments were under priority orders, and that they tended to disorganize the whole transportation system. He told of a naval officer who issued a priority order on a shipment of anchors to a shipyard before work on the ships was started. The Priority Board, the War and Navy Departments, the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration, the Car Service Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission had all been issuing priority orders. The multiplicity of them was not only congesting the railroads, it was interfering with the industries of the country and directly menacing the success of future Liberty Loans.

Mr. McAdoo opened the New Year with an order giving coal for New York City right of way over passenger service through the Pennsylvania tunnels and terminal in the city. Drastic interference with passenger service all over the country resulted from the efforts to relieve freight congestion. Railroad officials and Government authorities joined in impressing it upon the public that unnecessary travel was discouraged. In many ways accommodations were curtailed—by the withdrawal of chair and sleeping cars, dining and buffet cars and the reduction or withdrawal of special service of all kinds. Commutation service into New York was reduced by several roads, both in number of trains and in time of transit.

The reassembling of Congress was accompanied by the submission of the estimates of expenditures from the different departments and bureaus of the Government for the fiscal year of 1919, appropriations for which must be made at this session. These estimates aggregate thirteen and a half billion dollars. But they do not include any loans to our allies, which have been authorized to the extent of seven billions for this fiscal year. If loans to allies reach a similar sum in the next year the total of estimated appropriations will be twenty and a half billions as against $18,788,961,437 thus far this year. That figure represents the appropriations made up to date. But there is an Urgent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deficiency bill pending that carries about a billion and a half, which will bring the total for 1918 over twenty billions. Moreover the expenditures of several supply bureaus are still considerably below the estimates, owing to delays at factories. Production generally will soon be at full speed, however, and then daily expenditure will increase accordingly.

Estimates for the War Department absorb more than ten of the thirteen billions needed for 1919. One billion is asked for pay of the men, and two billions for quartermaster's supplies—clothing, certain kinds of equipment, and transportation. The Surgeon-General wants $157,000,000 for hospitals and medicines, and the Engineers ask $135,000,000 for the equipment of engineer troops and $892,000,000 for the expenses of their field operations. The Ordnance Bureau asks $2,672,000,000 for ammunition and guns, exclusive of $237,000,000 for machine guns. The army aviators ask $1,032,294,260 as against appropriations for this year of $739,067,766.

The Navy asks for a total of $1,047,914,027 as compared with appropriations for 1918 aggregating $1,596,936,455, with some deficiencies yet to be cared for. The Shipping Board wants nearly $900,000,000 more to carry on its great programme and the Food and Fuel Administrations need about double what they have had this year. Their requirements, however, are mere small change compared with those of the fighting organizations. The army estimates for pay cover 62,000 line and 25,578 staff officers and 1,208,300 enlisted men of the line and 398,053 enlisted men of staff departments, a total force of 1,693,931 officers and men.

Congress quickly took cognizance of complaints of inefficient work in both army and navy organizations and began investigations covering both those departments and the Fuel and Food Administrations and Shipping Board as well. At this writing the army investigation has gone into the Ordnance Bureau and Quartermaster-General's office, and has developed a long and unpleasant story of delays and of failure to secure ordnance and other supplies with the promptness and in the quantities which the public desired and expected. The hampering effect of red tape has had a new demonstration. It developed that our men abroad are equipped with French instead of American artillery, and that we are using British rifles because we could not make our own fast enough. Our men in camps and cantonments at various places in this country are not fully supplied with rifles, have no machine guns and are short of artillery. They are not fully supplied with proper clothing, and Surgeon-General Gorgas reported that at camps which he personally inspected there was disease and suffering due to insufficient clothing. Army officers, contractors and members of committees of the Council of National Defense, all of whom have been involved in the unhappy revelations, have spent much time trying to shift blame to other shoulders. Secretary Baker, upon whom General Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, laid part of the blame for army lack of equipment, defended the army in a public speech with the remark that there were "two ways to look at the nation's war progress, what we have done and what we have not done."

"The activities of the Government departments doing war work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had to be multiplied three thousand fold," said Mr. Baker. "We had to undertake new problems on a colossal scale. These were things which the country was not prepared to do."

The investigation disclosed the fact that an enormous amount had been accomplished in the equipment of the army, and in preparation for the organization and equipment of additional forces. The story is by no means wholly dismal and many besides Secretary Baker will find satisfaction in contemplating what has been done, although it is not all that might have been accomplished.

The inquiry into naval conditions found a much pleasanter situation. The annual report of Secretary Daniels showed that the great guns for the batteries of the new battleships are in place and the new sixteen inch gun is ready for testing. The destroyers in European waters are kept supplied with all requirements. The navy has placed orders for all explosives needed and the projectile problem has been met, more plants bidding for contracts than were needed. This is in marked contrast to the army situation.

In mid-December Mr. Daniels announced the formation of an inter-allied naval council "to insure complete coöperation between the allied fleets." England, France, Italy, Japan and the United States are represented. Mr. Daniels told the Congressional investigating committee that several hundred ships had been added to the fleet since we entered the war, and that contracts had been let for hundreds more, including superdreadnaughts, battle cruisers, destroyers and every class of naval vessel. There are 424 ships in course of construction, not including 350 submarine chasers. The navy has over a thousand vessels in commission against less than 300 two years ago. The personnel numbers 280,000 as compared with 64,680 men and 4,376 officers when we entered the war.

On December 15 Secretary Baker, after a long conference with President Wilson, announced the formation of a new War Council, composed of himself, the Assistant Secretary of War, General Bliss, the Chief of Staff; General Crozier, the Chief of Ordnance; General Sharpe, the Quartermaster-General; General Weaver, the Chief of Artillery; and General Crowder, the Judge Advocate General and Provost Marshal General. The announcement said that the new council was "to oversee and coördinate all matters of supply of our field armies and the military relations between the armies in the field and the War Department." Skeptical Washington was inclined, however, to consider this as a promotion out of responsible work for some of the new council members, and to recall several cases among our allies where distinguished officers have been promoted similarly to posts of less arduous and important duty. A few days after this announcement Mr. Baker announced that General George W. Goethals had been recalled to active duty and assigned as acting Quartermaster-General, and that acting chiefs of ordnance and artillery had been appointed.

The investigation of the Shipping Board disclosed a situation so satisfactory that at the close of the examination of Chairman Hurley the committee frankly asked him how it could help in the work he was doing. Mr. Hurley had said that the programme is moving steadily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and surely forward to successful completion. There had been some delays, as was well known, but the new organization of the Emergency Fleet Corporation for the first time gave the chairman of the Board the proper authority and fixed the responsibility where it belonged. When he joined the Board on July 27 there were 840,900 tons of wooden ships, 207,000 tons composite and 587,000 tons of steel ships under contract. Since then contracts for 3,378,200 tons of additional steel ships have been let, together with 504,000 tons additional wooden vessels. Also the Fleet Corporation has rendered financial aid to forty-two yards. This was superimposed upon a programme of naval construction equal to 2,500,000 tons of merchant shipping.

The coal investigation developed a situation of railroad congestion that prevented deliveries, although production for 1917 was much greater than in 1916. This situation, as has been shown, was the first one tackled by the new Director General of Railroads.

The investigation of the Food Administration promptly developed into a personal assault upon Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, by Claus Spreckels of the Federal Sugar Refining Company, who accused the Food Administration of working with the sugar trust and of bringing on the sugar shortage. Mr. Hoover retorted that Spreckels was resentful because his profits had been interfered with. The Senate Committee, headed by Senator Reed, who had opposed Mr. Hoover's appointment, declined to permit Mr. Hoover to testify immediately in response to Mr. Spreckels, or to print a statement by Hoover. Thereupon President Wilson took a hand and published the statement through the Committee on Public Information. The strong flow of charges and counter charges indicated that an old rivalry was getting a new airing.

The month heard the usual reports of German intrigue, with another chapter of the Lansing serial exposure of Count Luxburg, the German Minister to Argentina. And, as usual, it saw no serious punishment for sedition or treason, or spy work. But we hope we are getting on.

[*This record is as of January* 3 *and is to be continued.*]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

FOR A WAR COUNCIL

(*From the Houston Post*)

Nothing will come before the session of Congress of greater importance than the question of war finance. The reports indicate a palpable difference of opinion between groups of congressmen with respect to the relative merits of additional taxes and further bond issues, or with respect to what proportion of revenues shall come from the one and what shall come from the other.

Up to the present time there has been no difficulty in making appropriations for war measures, but the revenue measures have been difficult to agree upon, and the revenue measures of the last session do not seem to have settled the question of revenues to meet the Government's requirements up to the end of the fiscal year on June 30, 1918.

This question of finance is one of tremendous difficulty because of the many elements which enter into it.

It is a scientific question which is easily beyond the congressional layman's comprehension.

It is one that invites the agitation of individual theories, which are seldom based upon solid information.

Even the treasury experts, headed by Secretary McAdoo, realize how tremendously difficult a problem which has to be approached from so many angles is bound to be.

In the presence of such a difficulty, it seems to *The Post* that President Wilson and Congress as well would find Colonel George Harvey's oft-reiterated suggestion of a board of counsellors of great service at such a time.

Unquestionably a board of financial advisers composed of distinguished financiers could render much aid in the solving of the financial problem.

Admittedly, one imperative necessity is to avoid the depreciation of any form of money in circulation. The redeemability of all issues in gold must be maintained.

It is likewise imperative to determine just what the bond assimilating capacity of the nation is, and in what proportions the money needed must be raised from loans and taxes.

Only the greatest and wisest financiers are able to solve such problems and surely their advice would be of incalculable aid to Congress.

Secretary McAdoo has already recognized the importance of such counsel in securing the services of Mr. Vanderlip, but even Mr. Vanderlip would welcome the counsel of other financiers.

The banks must handle the loans. They are the custodians of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people's money. They ought to be consulted. It will not be with them a matter of profit, but a matter of conserving the credit of the country and keeping the war on a solid financial basis.

The war has reached the point where the counsel of the greatest statesmen and greatest financiers ought to be readily at the disposal of the President. He can not carry the burden alone, and his cabinet ministers are naturally absorbed in the work of their several departments.

The greatest minds of the country are at the disposal of the President for the asking, and, regardless of party affiliations, they could be summoned to the country's service—most of them without money and without price—just as Judge Lovett, Mr. Vanderlip and numerous other citizens have answered calls upon them.

And if there are those who require their expenses to be paid it would be money well expended.

Colonel George Harvey, who suggested this plan, has offered an idea of which the President has already availed himself partially. But surely Congress, with but little opportunity to know and comprehend the great questions entering into war finance and wanting to do what is best and safest, might find such a board of counsellors of much assistance in the work of formulating a financial policy adequate for all the country's needs.

There should be no further haphazard financial legislation. Congress should move upon known ground.

MORE STEAM CALLED FOR

(*From the Burlington Free Press*)

Colonel George Harvey asks in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "Are we losing the war?" That is a startling query for America. As we look at the subsidence of Russia, with the consequent probability that Roumania, cut off from all Allies, will also be forced out of the war, we echo the query. As we realize that every great military movement outside of France has been a German gain up to the present drive in Italy, we must concede there is ground for Colonel Harvey's startling question.

If, in spite of the tremendous expenditure of money by Americans, we are helping to lose the war, then manifestly, instead of blocking the wheels of the Wilson Administration in any way, we should insist that it put on more steam. That policy was found to be necessary in both England and France, as well as in Italy, to promote war efficiency. We are probably no exception to the rule.

After showing that all is not as easy as it would have been a year or six months ago, before Russia and Italy weakened, and that we are now in the darkest moment since the battle of the Marne, Colonel Harvey concludes: "But we do not despair; we are not even dismayed. Our mental gaze cannot pierce the cloud, but our moral vision tells us that its lining is of silver; it must be; and we shall find it, never fear. Are we losing the war? No. But we are not winning it—and we have far, very far, to go."

Those are timely words and pertinent, as Congress resumes its work. We have not only far to go, but there is much to do on the way. Congress must see to it first of all that our boys sent to training camps are not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made victims of pneumonia because of necessity of wearing summer khaki in winter owing to lack of material. If the Germans had shot as many of our boys as have died of pneumonia, the whole nation would now be up in arms. These and all other necessities at home must be attended to at once, instead of waiting. We must all put our shoulders to the military machine and help push it along. Otherwise we may be as late in reinforcing our own troops now in France as were the Allies in succoring Serbia, Roumania and Italy. In short, we must begin at once to work every possible weapon, military and naval, as well as political, if we would win this war decisively.

DIGNITY DEMANDED

(*From the Union Township Dispatch*)

Colonel George Harvey, who rendered the civilized world a great service when he unearthed Woodrow Wilson at Princeton ten years ago and brought him forth as a Presidential possibility, is still working might and main to undo his great service.

His latest grievance against the President is the sending of Colonel House to Europe to participate in the great Allied conference as the representative of President Wilson. Colonel Harvey does not feel that Colonel House measures up to the importance of the conference, and the Camden *Courier,* one of those typically partisan Republican newspapers of South Jersey, agrees thoroughly.

According to the *Courier,* it seems that the fact that President Wilson and Colonel House are chums disqualifies the latter for the important mission upon which he has been sent. While Colonel Harvey proved himself to be a good picker when he saw Presidential timber in the former Princeton chief, President Wilson has had a good deal of experience as a picker himself in recent years.

There are bigger men and more experienced statesmen in America than Colonel House, but he is evidently a man who is better able to grasp the Wilson viewpoint than some others, and the man who can carry out a Wilson plan is a more serviceable man than some who might suit Colonel Harvey. When Mr. Wilson chose Elihu Root to head the mission to Russia he showed that his selections were not controlled either by personal friendship or partisanship.

The country, and the entire world, should appreciate Colonel Harvey's great service in bringing Woodrow Wilson to the attention of his country at the time when the world needed just such a man, but, having done that, he should not permit personal grievances and disappointments to interfere with a full appreciation of what the President is doing. He should be big enough to make the best of it, and at least act with dignity.

THE POWER OF FAITH

(*From the Columbia State*)

In a recent article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, reprinted in the Boston *Transcript,* Colonel Harvey, in his own inimitable style, unbosoms himself of a credit and a debit column. He considers that the Executive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could have made a more brilliant choice than House for his pre-eminent position, but on the other hand he might have done worse. Putting "one's House in order" is always a ticklish job. He holds Lloyd George correct in all his criticisms, except in the absence of the one which he neglected to launch against his own "negligence in failing Italy in her hour of need."

He is sure that the cause of the Allies is worse off than ever before, except just after the Marne, but that there is as yet no reason for despair. He believes that the war will last for five years longer, but by that time we shall be able to fight in a more workmanlike manner. He sees the necessity of a generalissimo, but suspects that "there ain't no sich animile" available. Finally, he asserts what sounds like a confession of faith: "But we do not despair; we are not even dismayed. Our mental gaze cannot pierce the cloud, but our moral vision tells us that its lining is of silver; it must be; and we shall find it, never fear!" In plain English, he puts his trust in Providence.

It is always interesting to see the authoritative person bowing to a higher authority. If that pregnant little "it must be" means anything, it means that, like the rest of us, Colonel Harvey is daring the Universe to act in flagrant defiance of good and justice;—which is but a different way of trusting it to be on the side of righteousness. He is calling on that mysterious Something which, throughout history, from Babel and Marathon to the Marne, has put out a manifest command, "So far and no farther." But think of Colonel Harvey in the devotional attitude! What a triumph for the Unseen!

UNSOUND AND FAULTY

(*From the Philadelphia North American*)

That is the situation today—Germany reinforced by hordes of fresh troops and ready to launch a tremendous assault against her last powerful antagonists, Great Britain and France; among her people new confidence and strength of will, among the others the beginning of a feeling of weariness and uncertainty, manifested in profitless wrangling over "war aims" and unconcealed dependence upon American aid; and in this country a backwardness in preparation which is ominously suggested in the revelations now being made by the Congressional inquiry into our military affairs.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW offers a plausible theory to account for the last-mentioned condition. "The whole difficulty," it suggests, "is to be found in the secret hope, even anticipation, both in Washington and in London, that when this country, with its 'boundless resources,' should have been in the war long enough to make a tremendous showing by way of preparation, Germany would 'crumple' and the war would come to an end."

If that was the design it was not only unsound in principle but lamentably faulty in execution; for the showing which seems to us prodigious is still so far from being complete that it does not discourage Germany's effort nor mitigate its force in the remotest degree, and conceivably may be too late to counteract its effects and avert the world disaster of a Prussian peace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPREHENSIVE AND FEARLESS

(*From the Bookseller*)

The war numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have increased the sales of the magazine to a remarkable extent. It is read by the discriminating reader, who wants a calm statement of fact and accurate information about the subjects discussed. Various world conditions and problems are commented upon in a way to illuminate, and the papers are written by the authors of note, experts, as it were, in their various fields. Not only does one get a broad survey of world events, home politics and biographical matter, but the literary output also comes in for its share of criticism and comment. It is one of the standard monthlies of the day, having maintained its position as the veteran periodical among the literary magazines of the times. The editor's articles are always dynamic in force and popular in appeal for Colonel Harvey hits from the shoulder and what he says about Americanizing America—in the current issue—merits a careful reading, for his ideas are as comprehensive as his English is fearless.

A CONSTRUCTIVE INDICTMENT

(*From the Financial News*)

If you want to know the real cause of the "mysterious liquidation" which has demoralized investment confidence you will find it in the brilliant editorial of the December issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, headed "Are We Losing the War?"

Every patriot should read and pass it along.

Colonel George Harvey has completely "kicked over the traces" of censorship and, in a powerful, merciless and constructive indictment, has exposed incompetence, heretofore concealed by the cloak of secrecy, that has been responsible to a large extent for the failure of the Allied conduct of the war.

It is a patriotic, exhaustive and constructive arraignment of the highest type, combined with a clarion call to Americans to substitute instant action for wordy delay, if we hope to avoid defeat.

Great powers lie behind it.

BROADWAY AND FLANDERS

(*From the Churchman*)

In the death last week of Walter Dorsey Davidge, who for twelve years had been head usher at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, we are reminded of the needless toll of human life exacted every year from reckless driving of automobiles. Mr. Davidge was run over while crossing a street. In New York City alone over eight hundred persons were killed last year in this way. Mr. Harvey, in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, may have been indulging in rhetorical exaggeration when in reviewing percentages of deaths among the soldiers at the front he said that it was more perilous to cross Broadway than to face the enemy. The utter indifference and callousness of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the American public regarding accidents is one of the weak spots in our national easy-going temperament that will need eradicating before our democracy can be made safe for its citizens.

AN ENGLISH VIEW

(*From the London Shipping World*)

Colonel Harvey's essays in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are orations, and Mr. Asquith's orations are essays. In both cases the literary products are powerful, timely, convincing. Colonel Harvey opens our eyes, we admit, in respect of the toll of death in the present War. The truth is, he says, that the death toll exacted by modern warfare is immeasurably smaller than ever before in history, and has decreased steadily since the fighting began. He deals with such scheming, insincere men as La Follette, who is fouling his own nest, without gloves; and very properly speaks of pacifists as traitors. Indeed, they are the meanest, the most objectionable class of traitors to be encountered in the world, and Britain has more than her share of these enemies of their country.

MORE LIGHT WANTED

(*From the St. Louis Mirror*)

Without undue alarm a more unsuspected supporter of the President than Colonel George Harvey may agree in all loyalty that, as he says in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, "this is the darkest moment since the battle of the Marne." There is no occasion for panic. But there is occasion that the people should be told more than they have been told about the situation. It is time to disabuse their minds of the idea that when we went in the war was all over. When the people realize the truth they will come to the support of the Government in a spirit that will assure limitless sacrifice of things they are as yet loth to forego.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR DR. CLARK

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

The appearance of George Harvey's NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is always an event. Its outside papers are thoughtful, and the contributions by its editor are brilliant and audacious and, of course, finely written and thoroughly entertaining.

"TONE"

(*From the Johnstown Democrat*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may yet be obliged to follow the *Masses* and the *Call*. Neither of these has been worse in "tone" than Colonel Harvey's great monthly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RE-EDUCATION FOR CRIPPLED SOLDIERS

SIR,—Magazine and other statements on the re-education of wounded soldiers usually describe or picture mechanical and human miracles. How many times have we seen the picture of the man without arms or legs standing on a ladder painting a house! These presentations of the subject cause us to think that there is an enormous task ahead of us in making, by mechanical means, whole men out of little more than remnants. This is not so. There may be a dozen such cases, there may be a hundred, but to take this as indicative of the problem of re-education is to warp the judgment and misdirect the general endeavor. In this respect it is camouflage.

Canada is understood to have about three quarters of a million men in the field. She has been at war three years. The number of men returned who have undergone amputation are less than 900. The total number of blinded is thirty-two. Ninety per cent of all returned wounded go back to their old jobs, leaving only ten per cent to be re-educated. In France ninety-nine per cent of the wounded return to their previous occupations. We may expect the same percentage in Canada, where until now, however, "only the more seriously disabled have been returned."

The Province of Ontario has sent 400,000, or half of the entire Canadian contingent, into the field. Up to October, 8,910, or two per cent, had returned incapacitated for service by wounds of the severer sort. Of these only 101 have lost one arm. Only one lost both hands. Only four were blinded. Seventy-two lost one eye. Thirteen lost one hand. Twelve lost one foot. Six lost both legs. Only three are "totally disabled."

In one factory in the United States famous for its efficiency and high wages are 1,585 defective men whose listed defects are singularly like those of the 8,910 in the Ontario list except for the cases just noted. Its force is never thought of as deficient in any respect, but the reverse. Its employees number one tenth of the Ontario soldiery, and its defective men are twice as many.

Undoubtedly many more men are injured annually in American industries than we may expect in years of war.

Seventy per cent of all wounded men never had a trade. Consequently the teaching of any trade or any kind of machine operations to any of this seventy per cent gives them better incomes and easier work than their former occupations.

To take typical examples: A brick-layer and mason was shot through the shoulder. He cannot raise his right hand above his shoulder, cannot plaster overhead or high up. He has an eight grade schooling. He is apt. He becomes an exceptionally good draftsman. A machine shop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fitter used to handling heavy pieces was struck across the abdomen. The muscles are so weakened that he cannot lift much. He is quickly taught enough of the machinist trade to give him good work and wages. A man with one leg is taught a sedentary job. A man without a trade and not especially apt is taught to operate one or two rather simple machines at better wages than he formerly enjoyed.

Thus re-education to the extent of from ninety-seven per cent to ninety-nine per cent is nothing else than ordinary industrial education—simply a matter of "sawing wood" in established industrial schools, in day continuation, and night classes, and in factories where the crippled man is so nearly competent to do the proposed work that the employer can properly put him to work, supervised by some one in the establishment under direction of the responsible public authority.

It is a relief to get away from the discussions upon this subject in the States and witness the practical, everyday doing of this work in Canada. There it is directed jointly by two bodies, one, the Military Hospital Commission which has military direction of injured men until they are ready to re-enter civil life, and the other the Provincial authorities for Industrial Education.

Judging from a joint meeting of these two bodies (or was it their special committees?), in furtherance of their work three fourths of the Military Hospitals Commission are returned, wounded officers, engineers by profession. The remainder are medical and other men. Who better could understand and further the vocational needs of the rank and file? The members of the training force are the Director of Vocational Training for the Province and the regular or especially appointed Directors of Vocational Training in the several districts and cities.

To see these bodies at work in everyday fashion, with the spectacular eliminated, and no flitting questionnaire or blue-sky conjecturing, is to wish that the whole matter in the States may be left to the authorities in industrial education who know how to train ordinary folk in the ordinary occupations, with a coöperating Military, or quasi-military, Hospitals Commission like Canada's, and with the same kind of personnel.

Canada has found no place for the spectacular. Some of her regiments have been decimated. Her soldiers have gone the limit, and she is going the limit in care of the injured. Until now, however, and apparently in prospect also, re-education means, and can mean, only the kind of industrial training that is always given in educationally intelligent countries to all workers who need it, with only a little more intensive personal consideration of the capacities and limitations of the pupil.

From the startling pictures we commonly see it may be judged that the Federal Government may well secure one or more of each of the mechanical contrivances that have been developed in Europe to replace lost members, and that some institution may well be prepared to use these and other contrivances for the exceedingly few who may need them.

It is said that a man who loses both legs almost never recovers. Also that a man whose face is badly "mussed up" soon dies of poison. A world of sympathy and help will be given to those who are extremely crippled. This is done in peace times. But these cases do not in any sense constitute the problem of re-education. They are few, special and apart, if we can judge from Canada and from what she tells us of the European experience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Canadian wounded are now coming back from base hospitals abroad in much greater numbers than heretofore, so that the figures here given will be largely increased, but it is not expected that the problem will be different. Existing facilities for industrial training may need to be greatly increased because of returning soldiers, but they need to be increased anyway, because America has only begun to provide facilities for the industrial training of her working people. The extension of existing facilities along the usual lines will enable these extensions to serve perfectly in later peace times.

There is apparently no need of special institutions, which would be of little use in later years, or of large numbers of instructors set apart for this particular problem. It commonly takes six months or less to train a disabled soldier, and that training enriches the experience and develops the abilities of the industrial instructors in the regular work.

We have most excellent institutions for the lame, the blind, and all other defectives. Why not simply and quietly further strengthen the masterful directors of these institutions, and send our worst injured to them?

It is hoped that the statements here made will not be taken as an attempt to do more than state broadly the main features of the situation. They are based upon the *Report of the Work of the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada,* May, 1917, and attendance upon a recent meeting of the controlling authorities of the Province of Ontario.

WASHINGTON, D. C. H. E. MILES,
(Chairman, Section on Industrial Training for the War Emergency.)

A PLEA TO THE PRESIDENT

SIR,—I have read with a mingled sense of admiration and pain your editorial, "Thank God for Wilson," in the January number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Admiration, because of the brilliant ability and justice with which you have characterized a great and critical situation. Pain, because, at this supreme crisis of national and world interests, there should exist the conditions which compel the criticism.

Politically I am a Republican who patriotically and intensely wishes the largest and broadest success for Mr. Wilson's Administration. I earnestly covet for him not only the promptings of highest patriotism, but also that statesmanlike breadth and wisdom which the present so supremely demands. If his future shall demonstrate this, I could easily forget that he was ever a political partizan.

To a multitude of studious observers of public men and events, it is not altogether easy to obliterate the memories, and the fears which such memories engender, of both words and acts recorded in the first term of Mr. Wilson's Administration, which, taken together, were frequently at cross-purposes, not only failing to give clue to large, clear, heroic, and consistent national policies, but which in the thought of millions of the best-thinking Americans seemed partizan rather than patriotic, vacillating rather than firm, exhibiting more of calculation in the interests of political issues than of unselfish concern for momentous and over-shadowing world-interests.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But since the great and well nigh peerless state paper issued April second last, Mr. Wilson has traveled measureless distances toward instating himself in the confidence of patriotic America. He is a man of transcendent intellectuality. In his higher moods, if he would only always dwell upon these upper planes, he has great vision. The sincerity of his patriotism is not to be questioned. The real interrogation concerning him is, as to whether he has a sustained ability to dwell habitually upon the plane of his own best thinking; or, as to whether, in choosing his official advisers, he has the best discernment of fitting men; or, whether he is not too saturninely confident of his own ability, irrespective of advisers, to meet the herculean requirements of the hour; or, finally, whether he is not under the obsessing lure that, in this time of world-emergency, when every ounce of patriotic strength throughout the land needs to be called into requisition, the Democratic party alone should rightfully assume autocratic and exclusive control of the nation's affairs.

In alignment with your own editorial, it is a matter of great regret as well as of grave concern, with multitudes in the nation, that Mr. Wilson seems either to lack disposition or capacity to extend a more elastic reach in the selection of men for patriotic service; that, among his pre-eminent gifts, the art of exercising the non-partizan spirit, even for the country's supreme good, does not seem to be in him so well developed.

Lincoln lives, and will forever live, as one of the most illustrious of historic characters. But when the nation was rocked in the seeming throes of dissolution, when his own political future might seem to be jeopardized, he had the sagacity, the statesmanship, the superb unselfish devotion to the national welfare, to choose as his advisers men of known and transcendent ability, even though they were his personal rivals. In time of war, he finally selected as the War Secretary a Democrat, Edwin M. Stanton, but a man whose blood was richly charged with iron.

There are at least two positions in the present Cabinet which should be filled, irrespective of the partizan antecedents, by men of the largest ability and experience to be found in the nation—the War and the Naval Secretaryships. It will prove a source of discreditable weakness, and it might be of infinite disaster, if in any Cabinet position of today any man or men, charged with prodigious and grave responsibilities, should be so narrow-visaged as in any measure to divert themselves in the attempt to build up their own political fences for the future. Mere political partizanship in America in these days is not only small: it is contemptible. Among men in positions of high administrative responsibility it borders either on incapacity or criminality.

To very many good, loyal, and discerning Americans, it appears as nothing less indeed than a tragedy of short-sightedness—or something else as fully discreditable—that at this time of supreme crisis, when the nation's needs rise on every hand to Alpinous heights, no place equal to his conspicuous, available, and well nigh unequalled abilities can be found for the patriotic services of Theodore Roosevelt. It seems to very many others an unexplained misfortune that a man with the unquestioned patriotism, the exceptional experience, and acknowledged abilities, of General Leonard Wood should in times like these be remanded to a comparatively useless desuetude.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With all my heart I say with you: "God bless Wilson." For the sake of a world-humanity, for the sake of untold Americans yet unborn, I devoutly pray that he may be inspired for adequate leadership of this greatest nation on the globe, and for all the coming days of immeasurable and most critical needs.

HARRISBURG, PA. GEORGE P. MAINS.

HUMORING THE BEAST

SIR,—Thanks for "The Sinners and the Sin" in the November number. I believe it represents the conclusions and belief of those who have prescience enough to see what must be done to end this war, and thereby possibly all future wars. The "dawning consciousness" will soon become the fully illuminated conviction of even those who, like myself (a former member of the American Peace Society), are opposed to war and militarism, but who are unable to comprehend more than one way of dealing with a mad dog retaining diabolical intelligence and efficiency.

One of the strangest things connected with the conflict is, that our Government so easily falls into ways for making the path of the mad dog easier. For example, it is an old principle of the law of this and all other countries, that an alien enemy cannot sue in the courts thereof during the continuance of war. His right is suspended until peace is declared. Yet Congress, in the very *Trading with the Enemy* Act, approved October 6, 1917, provides, in substance, that:

(1.) A citizen of the United States may apply for a license under a patent owned by a German, *provided* he deposits a *trust fund* with the alien enemy custodian as security for the German, against a recovery by a suit to be brought after the close of the war. *Or,*

(2.) If he refuses to take a license under such terms, *he may now be sued for infringement by the German patent owner at war with us,* by means of a power of attorney given to some attorney in this country so unpatriotic as to plead in our courts the cause of an enemy alien seeking to destroy us.

Within three weeks after this became a law, the representatives of at least one alien enemy took advantage of it.

The alleged reasons for the law are, that it is desired to preserve reciprocal relations with Germany with respect to patent rights, and to give citizens of this country the "right" to make and sell articles controlled by patents owned in Germany.

The folly of this is apparent when it is considered:

1. That a citizen of this country already has the *privilege* of making and selling such articles, subject of course to suit *after the war* for infringement, if a court should find such exists, and the payment of damages for such infringement.

2. That a citizen of this country cannot bring a suit in a German court during the war (Save the mark!), and

3. That most German patents owned by American citizens are already void under the German law, because of the inability to pay the yearly taxes thereon required by the German law to keep the patents alive.

In return for nothing except the alleged good will of the Beast, we have therefore given him the right to require United States manufac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turers to put up a trust fund for him, to pay damages in advance to a trustee, and have opened our courts to him against our own citizens.

Although opposed by the Patent Law Association, and stricken out in the Senate, the law was restored in conference. The ways of the Beast are past finding out. If we had commandeered German patents, as we have German ships, and as Germany has (in effect) commandeered our patents; or if we had let the old law stand, leaving the German to establish his rights, if any, after the war, justice would have been served; but now we may yet see the spectacle of a United States court asked to grant an injunction against the maker or user of some of our airplanes or other engines of war, in favor of a German patent owner. And the court would evidently have to grant it, unless the maker or user took out a license or deposited a trust fund against a day of trial and settlement.

I do not advocate "stealing" patents owned by Germans; but surely we should not have permitted ourselves to grant them or their agents a right heretofore unknown in the law, and put it in their power to tie up our manufacturers in litigation based on some real or doubtful charge of infringement. Our courts should be closed to them, absolutely, until after the war, as has always been the case, in all countries, since laws were established.

WASHINGTON, D. C. GEORGE E. TEW.

JEWISH PATRIOTISM

SIR,—For many years I have been a reader of the great REVIEW, and am always keenly anxious for the next number. The December number is exceedingly interesting. Your resumé of war conditions serves two purposes: to tell the truth and to arouse the American people to the gravity of the situation. Ever since the war commenced, although optimistic all my life, and now in my eighty-second year, I have had but one feeling in regard to the outcome—that it would take at least five, if not ten years, unless a miracle took place, to win the war, and that the burden of it would finally fall upon the United States; that fifty billions, if not seventy-five of our money, would be needed, and five million of troops, provided we could get men across. The Germans are not superhuman, but they have had forty-five years of preparation, with the most wonderful military machinery, but even that would have counted for naught had it not been, and was it not, for the fact that the Allies have blundered from the start up to this moment, and the United States seems to be a good second. Instead of declaring war at once against the Central Powers, we are nibbling, and now have simply declared war against Austria, leaving the spies of Turkey and Bulgaria to roam at large. What other possible reason can there be, outside of fearing a massacre of missionaries, is to me a mystery—but were it not better that a thousand or even ten thousand missionaries, Jews, and Christians should be sacrificed to the moloch of hate, than to incur the danger of sacrificing a million of people, who in consequence of the non-declaration of war may be slaughtered?

But this letter was not written on a subject that must be stale to you, but simply to say that I have read the article entitled "I am a Jew." It is a curious coincidence that this article should appear in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In 1891, in the December number, there appeared a scurrilous letter from a person named Rogers, who assailed the patriotism of the Jews in the United States, claiming that none of them participated in the Civil War. I took up the challenge, and after three years' hard work, issued the book entitled *The American Jew, as Soldier, Patriot and Citizen,* a six hundred-page book wherein I conclusively showed that American citizens of Jewish faith had, from the earliest days of the Republic up to that date, and of course since, done their duty, and to a large extent, compared to their number, have done more than those of any other faith in the country.

WASHINGTON, D. C. SIMON WOLF.

A QUESTION FOR SECRETARY BAKER

SIR,—On the 5th of this month appeared in our local daily a communication purporting to be from Washington, D. C., which stated that it cost this Government 14.3 times as much to maintain a soldier as it does the Imperial German Government. After meditating about the matter, I telephoned the Editor, who informed me that the facts were obtained from the Bureau of Information at Washington.

If Germany, shut in as she is from the commerce of the world, can maintain 14.3 soldiers at their present standard of efficiency for what it costs us to maintain one, it occurs to me that this means either retrenchment, bankruptcy, or defeat—perhaps all three; for German success in this war means our bankruptcy, and bankruptcy means enforced retrenchment.

With but eight per cent of the money appropriated for our army expended for purposes requisite to health, comfort and efficiency, and ninety-two per cent for purposes bearing no relation thereto; and with the continuation of our present liberal pension system, bankruptcy seems to me inevitable should the war be prolonged.

This matter, Mr. Editor, seems to me of such prime import that I trust you will pardon me for asking that you give it your attention in one of those pungent editorials which I have found so pregnant with the essentials of forcible English, viz.: smoothness of construction, clarity of expression and accuracy of conclusion.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND. L. J. COPPAGE.

COLONEL WHITE HOUSE AGAIN

SIR,—Nothing has given me greater satisfaction and pleasure for a long time than your editorial in the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN.

Nothing have I resented more than that my country should be represented—if one may misuse the word—by the man who is but a voice and "nothing else," unelected, appointed to no recognized function, and responsible to the country in no way. You have voiced my thoughts so that the whole country may hear, if it will only listen, and I thank you sincerely. In slight measure of appreciation I am sending you by separate cover something I have written on war subjects, a small book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called *Hillsboro in the War.* I doubt if it has or if it would come within your sphere of notice, but in view of what you have written, I feel that what I have written may serve to amuse and perhaps interest you in some one of your less occupied hours.

AMHERST, N. H. RICHARD D. WARE.

[We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the captivating little book of verse referred to.—EDITOR.]

THE BEST NONE TOO GOOD FOR HIM

SIR,—I wish to say that I regard THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as the best magazine published. Please continue my subscription. I would not be without it.

The masterly articles by Colonel Harvey are a necessity in times like these, and should be put in pamphlet form and sent broadcast throughout the country.

NEW YORK CITY. CHARLES W. CARPENTER.

A LITTLE HISTORY LESSON

SIR,—The attached sheet came out of your magazine [containing a reference to "the War of the Rebellion"].

Please advise me when the war underlined on this sheet took place. I have read the History of the United States and can find no such war.

SAVANNAH, GA. MURRAY STEWART.

[Try 1861 to 1865.—EDITOR.]

HIS PRESCRIPTION.

SIR,—When I want to enjoy myself a hundred per cent, I get a good, comfortable chair and curl up to read the latest one of your reviews of current political and national events, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Then I'm happy from crown to sole.

With all good wishes, I remain,

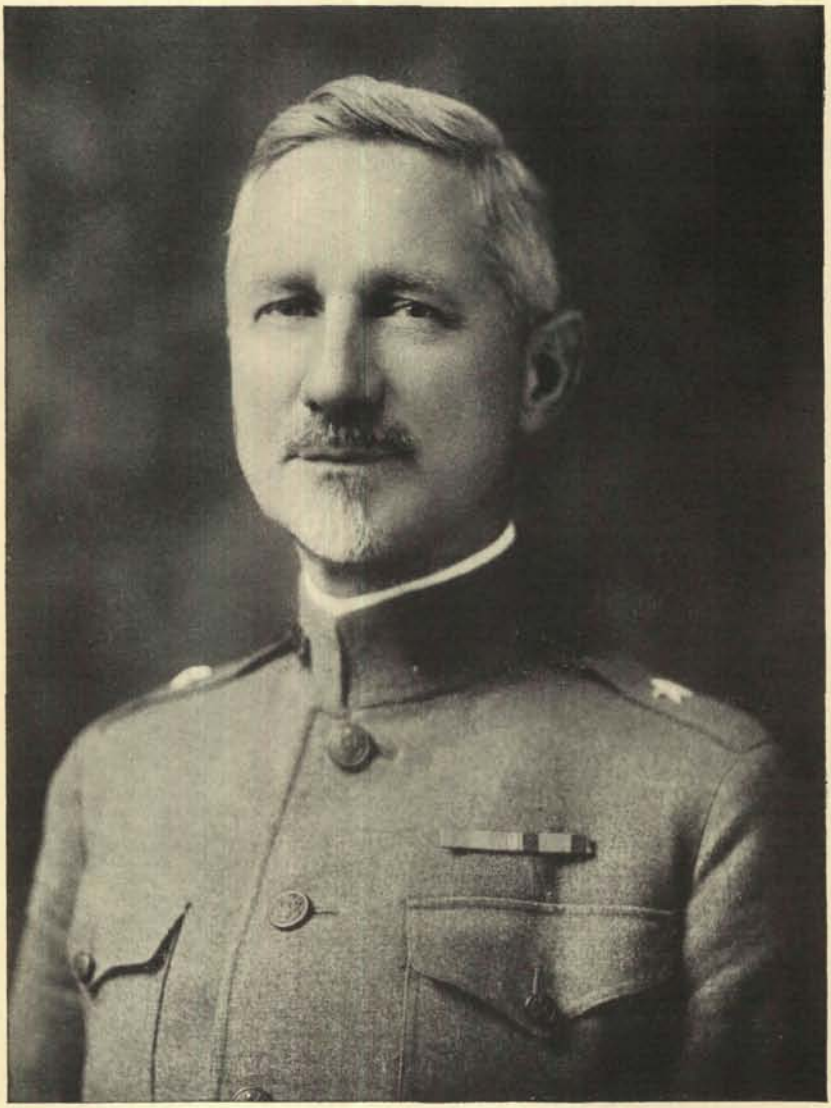
WASHINGTON, D. C. EDWARD D. BALDWIN.

A WISE BULL MOOSE

SIR,—Enclosed find cheque for $4 to renew my subscription to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for the year 1918. I would not think of doing without this illuminating magazine even in the days of Hooverism, and even though I am the worst of Bull Moose and Republicans!

BRISTOL, TENN. S. H. THOMPSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© Clinedinst

MAJOR-GENERAL PEYTON C. MARCH, U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED